

OUR TRIP ABROAD

D

975

.W7

HELEN PARKER WILLARD



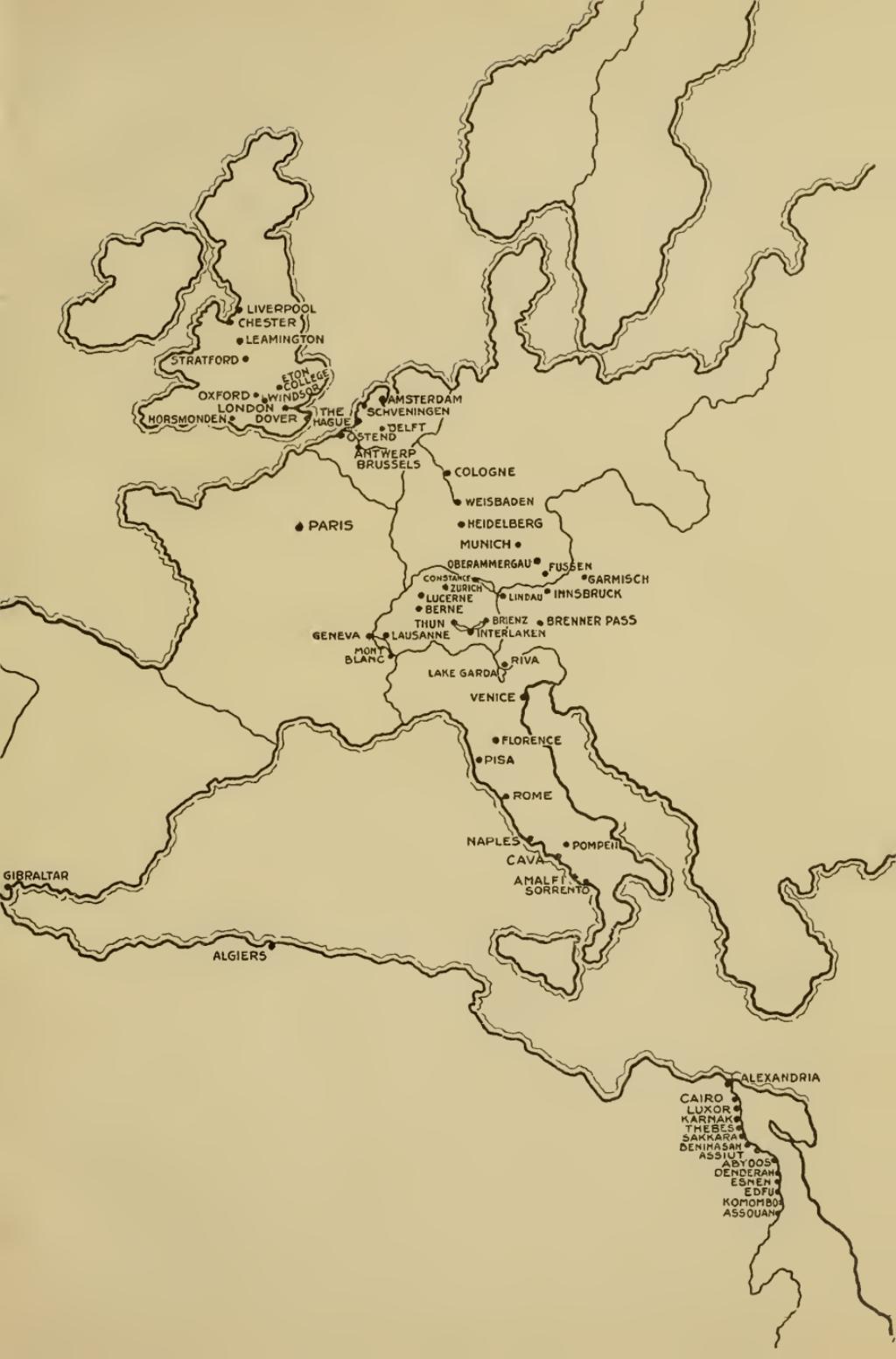
Class D 975

Book W7

PRESENTED BY

• AZORES

• MADEIRA

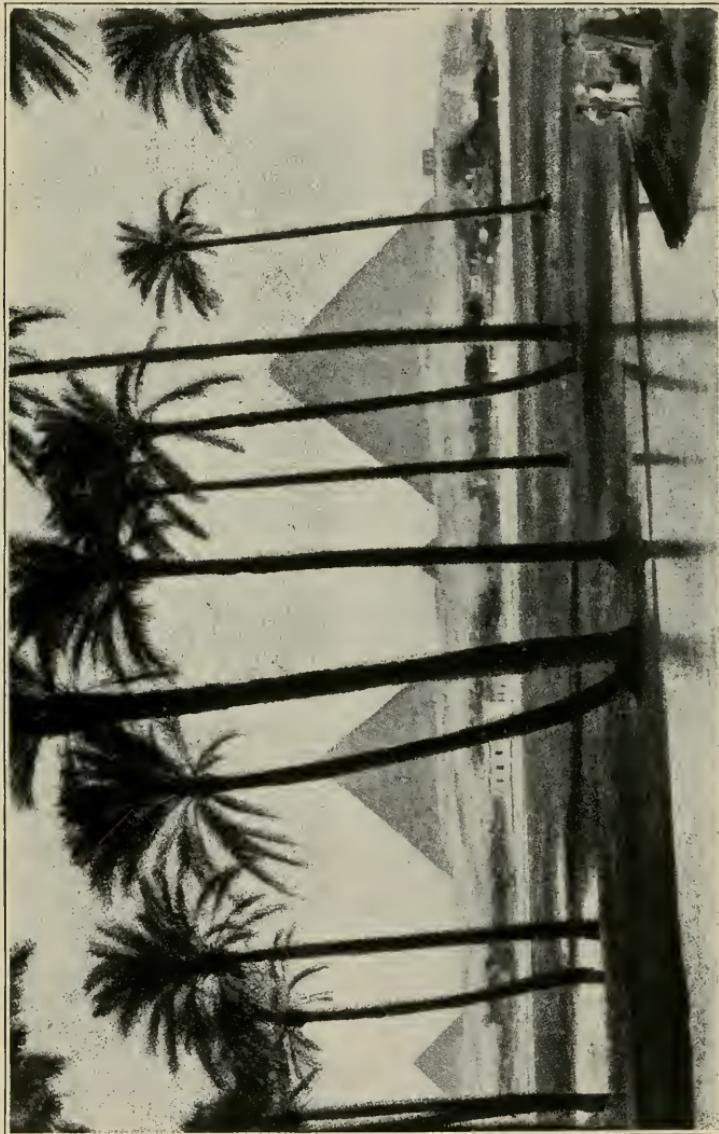


Limited Edition

No. 50

With compliments of the
Author

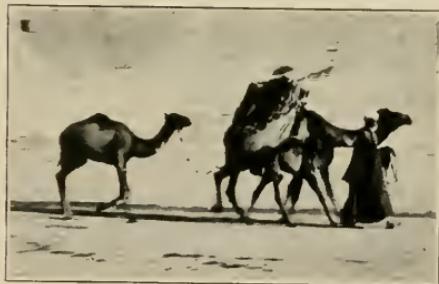
To Library of Congress
November 21, 1915



THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH

OUR TRIP ABROAD

BY
HELEN PARKER WILLARD
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA
1915



2975
W7

GLA
W7
JUL 6 1975

DEDICATION

To our children

HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD, 2nd
WILLIAM BRADLEY WILLARD
SARAH KELLOGG WILLARD

*this little book is affectionately dedicated
by their Mother,
hoping it may bring to them
pleasant memories of a wonderful trip,
and revive in their minds
never to be forgotten joys and pleasures
of their first journey
to foreign lands.*

HELEN PARKER WILLARD

*Pasadena, California
1915*

ON BOARD S. S. CRETIC

OUR family party, consisting of my husband, myself and three small children, with two caretakers, left Walpole, New Hampshire, on the afternoon of January 27th for Boston and, two days later—January 29, 1910—we sailed from that port on the S. S. Cretic, White Star Line, for Naples. It was our first trip abroad, and we were all filled with excitement over the novel experience. After the excitement of getting on shipboard and being located in our various state-rooms, the next thing that interested us most was getting our mail. I was, indeed, most fortunate; for my steamer letters numbered twenty-one and, by proxy, I had with me every member of my family, as well as letters from many friends and others who had sent us beautiful flowers, books and boxes of candy, to enjoy, if conditions permitted, during our voyage.

Our first really thrilling experience occurred just after boarding the steamer. Little William Bradley, in his desire to explore the steamer, had wandered off and completely disappeared from us all, and no one knew where he was. Pandemonium reigned and our consternation was indeed great; for any moment our steamer was ready to sail, and we did not know whether the little fellow was on shipboard or not. I was so afraid he had wandered off the boat in the confusion of so great a crowd. We were all about frantic, and each one started off in a different direction to search for our missing boy. Fully half an hour had elapsed before the little fellow was discovered

standing on the steamer just near the gang-plank, absorbed and interested in watching all that was going on. Later, when questioned as to why he had gone off alone, he said in a most unconcerned and complacent way, "I wanted to see the big boat." I was then debating in my



HELEN AND HARRY

own mind if this was to be my daily experience for six months traveling abroad with three small children. Was the trip going to be one of pleasure or filled with care and constant anxiety? Already I was wishing we were all safely at home.

We sailed right out into a hard, disagreeable rain and wind-storm, and the sea was very rough and rolling. Everybody had been on deck only a short time, when, one by one, they disappeared rapidly to their state-rooms. The boat was now pitching and rolling worse than ever,



HENRY AUGUSTUS, SARAH, WILLIAM BRADLEY

and, although I was determined not to give up, I found I, too, had to succumb to the inevitable. We all had a long and severe attack of *mal de mer*, excepting Harry, and we did not make our reappearance on deck again for three days, when the sunny skies and smooth seas tempted

us to leave our stuffy state-rooms.

Today we have all been glad to take part in the sports on deck. Harry and I played some exciting games of shuffle-board and the children greatly enjoyed the games arranged for them. The potato race was particularly amusing and entertaining. After our games, Henry

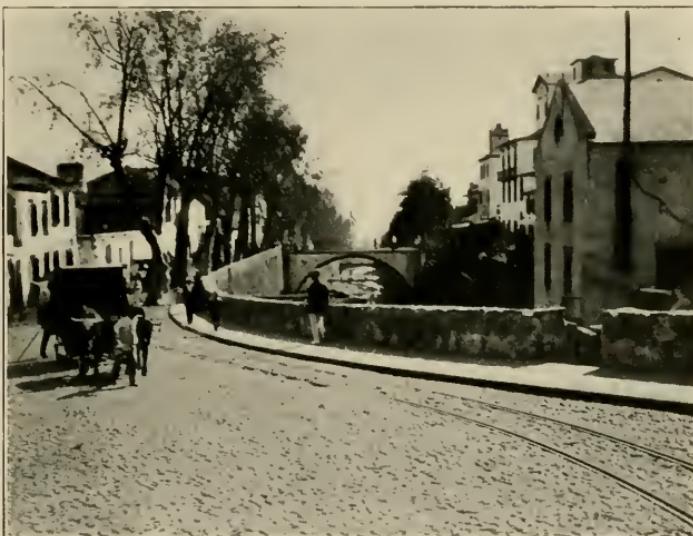


FUNCHAL

Augustus quite surprised our fellow travelers by reciting Barbara Frietchie. This he did unusually well for a child of his age, and won the admiration and commendation of all.

After more than six days of the same sky and sea for scenery, we were much excited over the announcement

that one of the big islands of the Azores was sighted and, in the afternoon, our steamer anchored in the harbor of Ponta Delgada. St. Michaels is the largest of the nine islands, composing the group known as the Azores, and the principal town on this island is Ponta Delgada. The sea was very rough and the landing was both difficult

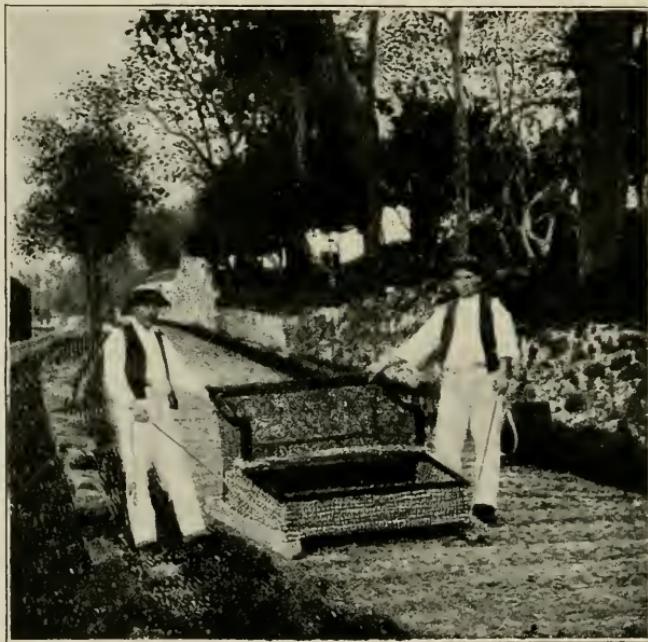


OX-SLEDGE, FUNCHAL.

and perilous. Small boats came out to our steamer, and the passengers were obliged to descend on a ladder of some forty or fifty steep steps. Each person was assisted by the sailors into the small row-boats, and with fifteen or twenty passengers in a boat they were rowed to the quay and, after seeing some of our fellow passengers dis-

embark, my courage failed me and I decided not to go ashore; but Harry and the two little boys made the trip.

As our steamer approached Ponta Delgada, it impressed me as the prettiest and most fairy-like place I had ever seen. The predominant color of the houses was white with red tile roofs, snugly nestled on the mountain-



READY FOR A RIDE

side. The language spoken at Ponta Delgada is Portuguese, and little English is heard.

A two-days' sail from the Azores, and we arrived February sixth at the island of Madeira, where we disembarked at the town of Funchal, and we were indeed

glad of the opportunity to get off the steamer. What a strange and foreign place it is! The most extraordinary and novel sight and experience in Funchal were the drives in the curious ox-carts and the toboggan slides through the narrow and crooked streets of the town. Funchal is built on the side of a mountain; so the streets are all very steep and are covered with small, smooth, round stones, making tobogganning great sport. The novel and huge basket in which seven of us were seated was guided by two natives to the base of the mountain. The ride was a thrilling one, and appealed strongly to the children's sense of enjoyment and enthusiastic delight. The habit of tipping, so prevalent all over Europe, had begun. These primitive Islanders were quite as eager for money as their fellow-men on the continent, and many times was our ride interrupted by their plea for pennies. The streets in Funchal are queer, narrow and very crooked. The windows in the houses are covered with iron bars which serve as a protection against the hard winds, as well as against thieves. This is where the famous Madeira wine is made. Vegetation has a most luxuriant growth and the gardens are both extensive and varied in their tropical productions. The banana tree and the sugar cane are grown here in great abundance.

This morning we were called at five o'clock; for our steamer was now rapidly approaching the famous Rock of Gibraltar. We were soon all out on deck, and surely we had arrived there at just the right moment; for day was just dawning and the early morning light behind this colossal and noble rock, withal so still and quiet, made it a most impressive sight. This rock has the appearance of a great weather-beaten, sleeping lion that had been carved and hewn by the giants of time. Our ship anchored about five miles from the quay, and, as the landing here was again made in small boats, I remained on the steamer with the two younger children. Harry and

Henry Augustus went ashore and visited the town of Gibraltar.

Sailing out of the harbor and through the straits of Gibraltar, we entered the blue and quiet waters of the Mediterranean. Now we have our first glimpse of Spain and Africa, and the far-distant, snow-capped Sierra Nevada mountains. Daylight gradually fades, and the sunset is a rare sight, and rarer still is the marvelous afterglow, Nature producing one of the most exquisite cloud pictures I have ever seen.

Late in the afternoon of February tenth, we landed at Algiers for a few short hours only. After landing, Harry secured a good, comfortable carriage, and we then drove through the old Arab portion of the city, this being especially interesting; for here we see the dark, narrow, mysterious-looking streets and scenes. Algiers is strictly Oriental with its Moors and Arabs in their strange, yet picturesque, and almost grotesque-looking costumes.

Another day's voyage over a lonesome sea brought us our first view of Italy.

NAPLES

After two whole weeks on the Cretic, today we sailed into the beautiful Bay of Naples, and we find ourselves surrounded by the volcanic islands of Capri and Ischai,



BEAUTIFUL BAY OF NAPLES

with the grand and always smoking Vesuvius in the foreground, which make it an awe-inspiring picture. It was not until dark that we landed at Naples and here, passing through the Custom House, was an ordeal never to be

forgotten. We were besieged on all sides by a howling mob of fakirs and vagabonds, who importuned us to buy, or insisted on being our couriers. Although they could not speak English, the first words we heard were "Penny! Penny! Money! Money!" and, in fact, all the time we were in Naples we heard the sad and pathetic plea.

From our steamer we went to the Royal Hotel, delightfully situated on the Bay of Naples. We had now joined the Bureau of University Travel Party, under the leadership of Dr. H. H. Powers, for travel in Pompeii and Egypt, and today we began our sight-seeing in Europe. After a strictly continental breakfast of rolls, honey, coffee or cocoa, we started forth in quest of knowledge. We spent the morning in the National Museum, where we saw the representation of Greek mural decorations that had been excavated after the final eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum. Never have I spent such a profitable and pleasurable morning. The treasures we beheld included exquisite Roman mosaics and bronze ornaments excavated at Pompeii.

After spending the morning in the Museum, this afternoon we had an opportunity to see Naples. It is a beautifully located city, surrounded by the most lovely bay in the world. It is truly a city of squalor and splendor and, with its bustling Via Roma, it has many attractive thoroughfares and fascinating shops.

POMPEII.

Pompeii is about fifteen miles from Naples and, early this morning, with the Powers party, Harry, Henry Augustus and I started forth, leaving William and little Sarah with the caretakers at Naples until our return. After traveling by train for two hours and a half, and passing over lava beds, and with Vesuvius always in sight, we reached Pompeii where we trudged through the deserted and desolate streets of this doomed city. The long,

dreary walk through these impressive ruins was an experience never to be forgotten. We first visited the museum at Pompeii, which contains the skeletons of human beings, also those of dogs and horses, that had been found under the ruins. One of the interesting ruins of the town is the Basilica, where the king resided. Here



POMPEII

the mural decorations are all well-preserved. Pompeii was partially destroyed by an earthquake 63 A. D., at the time of Nero, and sixteen years later was totally destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The ruins of the Temple, theatre, streets and Roman buildings are of unusual interest. The most interesting place in Pom-

peii is the excavation of the Colonnade, and from here one has an extensive view of the vast ruins. Of all the ruins in Pompeii the house of Vettio is the most famous and interesting; for it was excavated only ten years ago and everything was found intact. A Roman dining-room, genuinely artistic, is here seen, with its beautiful, bright red frieze of cupids and a masterpiece of chariot-races. We saw where the excavations of Herculaneum were going on. The exterior of the House of Pansa is very interesting and artistic.

From Pompeii we started to drive ten miles to Cava; but we had gone only a few miles when our carriage collided rather disastrously with a market wagon, and our conveyance was so demolished that we were obliged to take the train. Indeed, we all had a narrow escape. Harry was seated on a high seat in front with the driver and was thrown out. Fortunately he landed right on top of the fat fellow and thus escaped injury. The ladies were all tumbled out on top of each other; but we, too, escaped being hurt. The poor horses are all so tired from being overworked that they could not possibly run away. I think the drivers in Italy are the most cruel and careless I have ever seen. After spilling us all out, our enraged driver, with his very limited knowledge of English, tried to make us pay for his broken carriage. We felt too indignant to give him even a *pour boire* and hurried away, leaving him standing in the midst of a great crowd that had congregated, talking and gesticulating in a most characteristic Italian manner.

AMALFI.

This perfectly radiant morning we started on the famous Amalfi Drive. This road is the most marvelous piece of engineering in the world, being literally carved out of solid rock and stone from the steep mountain-side. It extends forty miles from Cava to Sorrento. This beauti-

ful and far-famed drive skirts the Mediterranean and gives us superb views of the blue sea and the snow-capped mountains in the distance. The picturesque Italian villas, with their tiny houses perched upon the mountainside, resemble bird-nests more than actual dwelling places. There are many steep cliffs rising abruptly and



AMALFI

towering hundreds of feet above us. The orange and the lemon groves are numerous here. Amalfi is a charming and secluded little spot. We took luncheon at the Amalfi Monastery Inn, which is located very high upon the side of the mountain, commanding a most extensive and glorious view of the Mediterranean.

We continued our drive to Sorrento and arrived here just in time to see a most beautiful and brilliant sunset over the Bay of Naples, with Mount Vesuvius in the distance. We spent the night at the Hotel Tramontano, where we were told by the proprietor all the crowned heads of Europe have been royally entertained. It was



MAKING MACARONI

here, too, that the poet Tasso was born in 1595, and his room is carefully preserved.

The next morning it rained so hard that, much to our disappointment, our excursion to the Island of Capri, which is famed for its Blue Grotto, had to be abandoned. We spent the morning in the attractive shops where I

purchased some Roman silks, scarfs, and picture frames made from the beautiful Sorrento wood. We returned to Naples by trolley, passing through many large groves of olive trees. We had a fine view of F. Marion Crawford's attractive villa, situated on this beautiful bay.

Our stay in Naples was now ended and, after an early lunch, we were ready to start for our steamer. However, before reaching there, we had an experience I shall never forget. Everyone who has traveled in Europe knows how overcrowded the big hotel busses always are. The passengers are crowded inside and the baggage is piled so high on top that one wonders it stays on at all. Two busses arrived to take our party of twenty-four to the steamer. The first one was filled and drove off; the next came, and the remaining ones crowded into it literally like so many sardines, and our baggage was placed on top as usual. Harry and the two boys were sitting up with the driver, and Sarah and I, with many others, were inside.

The horses started and, pulling hard, it looked very doubtful to me if they could draw the heavy load. Going along slowly up a steep hill until they had almost reached the top, the horses all at once refused to go any further—in fact, they simply could not; for the weight of the heavy bus pulled them backwards down the hill. No one knew what the end would be. The driver whipped and beat his team; still the big bus kept backing down and down until it was pushed up on the sidewalk against a stone wall, and the wonder was that it stopped there. If it had not, we should have all been dashed to death many feet below. Hurriedly and much frightened we got out of the bus, feeling most thankful that we had not been killed. Harry then hailed a passing carriage, and we drove to the quay, where we boarded our steamer for Alexandria.

EGYPT

Today we are sailing along on the Celtic, bound for Alexandria. Our voyage takes us past the active volcano Stromboli and through the Straits of Messina. A three days' sail from Naples over a lovely smooth sea, and we disembarked at Alexandria. The landing here was made by small tugs. As we stepped on the quay, all was confusion and bedlam. Shouting Arabs, with their red fezes, confronted us, having fake articles to sell of every sort, and demanding "backshiesh." Never before have I seen so many beggars and such abject poverty. After stopping at the Custom House, the officials proceeded to look into our bags; then we started on a drive around the city of Alexandria. We saw many queer, narrow, and oh! such dirty streets. The only object of interest to us was the miscalled Pompey's Pillar. This pillar was erected in honor of Diocletian, a Roman emperor.

In the afternoon we took an express train for Cairo, arriving at this largest and most important city of Egypt at six o'clock. How soon we knew we were in the land of the desert! The country has such a strange peculiarity of its own, and it is a desolate waste of barren, parched and unproductive soil.

Just before we reached Cairo, poor little Sarah had the misfortune of getting a cinder in her eye. Well, it was indeed most painful for the little tot, we all realized; but there was little we could do for her relief, and a good, hard cry finally washed the cinder out. Sarah,



LANDING AT ALEXANDRIA

however, insisted on having her eye well bandaged. After getting out of the train, and as we started to walk along, someone exclaimed: "Oh! look at the camels." Sarah instantly snatched off the bandage—her eye was cured!

Cairo has a population of more than 1,000,000 inhabitants.



VIEW OF CAIRO FROM CITADEL

tants. Our party was here divided into two parts: the first one starting on their trip up the Nile, while our party remained in Cairo. We found the city in great confusion and turmoil, because today—February 20th—the prime minister, an Egyptian, had been assassinated by Arabs.



OLDEST MOSQUE IN CAIRO

Our first drive through Cairo led us to the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, and then to the Citadel, where we obtained a fine view of Cairo, the pyramids, the great desert and the river Nile.

The houses in Cairo are all of one color—that of the surrounding desert. The Mosque of Mohammed Ali is



FIRST MOSQUE VISITED

the most modern of all the mosques in the city. It is of Byzantine architecture and is very imposing in appearance with its many lofty and graceful minarets. Before entering, we had to remove our shoes and put on sandals. Costly and beautiful rugs cover the floors and everything about the structure is most elegant and Oriental.



CAIRO FROM NILE BRIDGE

Egypt has always been a land of wonder and mystery. We gaze at it with awe and reverence for its great age; with amazement at its pyramids, giant statues, tombs and temples. The pyramids are one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and their building is a problem that can never be solved; for there is no machine in existence even today



CHEOPS AND SPHINX

powerful enough to raise those colossal stones to their place in the stupendous piles.

To night we made our first and memorable trip to the Pyramids by moonlight. What an impressive sight it was! Their tremendous size and the great stillness and solemnity were most impressive. There are three



CLIMBING CHEOPS

great pyramids of Gizeh: the largest is Cheops. Then there are two smaller ones, and the Sphinx stands smiling silently near by. The Great Pyramid was built three thousand years before Christ. It is four hundred and sixty feet in height and covers thirteen acres. It was built at the time of Herodotus and was started by



RETURN OF SACRED CARPET FROM MECCA

Cheops, their ruler. It took 100,000 men twenty years to build it, and it is now five thousand years old. The Pyramids are the tombs of the chief rulers of Egypt.

A drive through the narrow and dirty streets of old Cairo gave us an idea of how terribly unhealthy and uncivilized the Egyptians are. The children become blind

because their ignorant and heathenish parents consider it a sin to brush flies from their faces, and these breed many terrible diseases.

We also visited today an old mosque where Christ is supposed to have been hid with Joseph and Mary when they took their flight into Egypt. We then went across



PLOWING IN EGYPT

to the island of Roda. It was here, legend says, Pharaoh's daughter found Moses in the bulrushes. We then visited another mosque, where we saw and heard an Arab on the roof of a mosque giving the call to prayer.

February 23d. Today is father's and mother's forty-fifth wedding anniversary; so naturally my first thought

this morning was to send a greeting by cablegram to them. The clocks in Cairo are twelve hours earlier than Washington time. On my return home, I was gratified and surprised to hear that my message from the far distant Orient to the Occident was the first family greeting of the day to reach father and mother.

In Cairo one sees so many different nationalities in their varied and picturesque costumes that the street scenes present almost a kaleidoscopic effect in their rapid and ever changing appearance.

Our next visit was to the Arab university. On our way there we had our second unpleasant experience with careless and reckless driving. Our driver, in crossing a car-track, pulled off a wheel from our carriage. Fortunately our vehicle was a very low one; nevertheless we were all tumbled out one on top of the other and, if the horses had not stopped, we might have had a very serious accident. The Arab university is a strange, weird place. There we saw groups of old men and boys of all ages squatted on the floor learning their Koran. Religion is their one and only thought, and they think more of the dead than of the living. Each group of students has its own teacher. Their only book is the Koran, and everything they study is in that book. The course of study in the University comprises six years—that time being required to master the Koran. Among the fifteen hundred students there was only one woman and she was allowed there because of her knowledge of the Koran. They do not want women in the University, and do not think they should be educated.

Today we made our second trip out to the Pyramids. We each mounted a donkey, preferring them to the camels, and this was great fun—especially for the children. I do not know which they enjoyed more, the donkeys or the donkey boys.



OBELISK AT HELIOPOLIS

On the morning of February 26th, we had the rare opportunity of viewing the military and spectacular procession of bringing the Sacred Carpet from Mecca. This day is always a holiday in Cairo. The shops are closed and the best part of the Egyptian populace gather at the square near the Citadel to behold the wonderful procession, which is thoroughly Oriental. The pilgrimage from Cairo began three months ago, when the new carpet was started on its journey. This was exchanged for the old carpet, and today the camel returned with it on its back, enclosed in a large, square and gilt cloth covering resembling a temple, with many devout Mohammedans following.

Thousands of marching soldiers and many playing bands made a brilliant and noisy procession. We had a fine view of the Khedive, who saluted the throng of people as he passed in his well-guarded and gilt-adorned carriage. This ceremony occurs every year.

The new carpet is taken from Cairo and left at Mecca, there being exchanged for the old one, which is brought today to Cairo and put in a mosque. This same ceremony takes place from Damascus to Mecca.

Today, before leaving Cairo, the children had their first memorable ride on a camel. How eager and anxious they were to mount this great "ship of the desert"—a most faithful and much loved animal by his master! At last they were seated on the camel's back, full of childish enthusiasm at the prospect of their ride. The great, awkward animal, seated on the ground, started to rise with that long backward, then a similar forward, motion, that is indescribably disagreeable. Instantly shrieks and screams were heard. "Let me off—quick! quick! I'm falling. I don't like this!" was the children's chorus.

On the evening of February 28th, we left Cairo and took a sleeping car for Luxor.

The following verses were written by a member of our party and so admirably describe our ten days' trip up the Nile on the Pellican that I insert them here:

Ship we somewhere south of Cairo,
Through the land of flies and fleas,
Where the donkey boys are callin'
On the trav'ler for backshish,
And the temple ruins, standin'
So thick on every hand,
Are drinking up our adjectives
Like water in the sand.

On the Nile to Assouan,
On the good ship Pellican,
How the moon comes up in splendor
O'er the desert hills beyond!

How the paddle wheels are chunkin'
As they churn the muddy Nile!
And we're running on a sand bank
Once in every while,
And the breakfast gong is soundin'
When we're hardly half awake,
While the sky turns pink and yaller
As the day begins to break.

Oh, the joys and thrills of ridin'
When the evening light grows pale!
And we know the boy behind us
Will twist the donkey's tail.
And the purple shadows lengthen
And the moon begins to rise,
While Canopus flashes on us
From the starlit southern skies.

By the old Egyptian temple,
Looking westward 'cross the Nile,

Stands the leader of our party
With a firm, determined smile;
And he is pointin' out the defects
In the structures' low relief
With relentless maledictions
That are simply past belief.



TEMPLE OF HATSHEPSOWET

LUXOR.

Luxor is built on the banks of the placid and peaceful Nile. This afternoon our entire party—twenty-six in number—mounted our donkeys and soon we were cantering off across the wide barren plain to the ruins of the Temple of Luxor and Karnak. The ruins of the Temple

of Luxor are all that remain of its ancient splendor. They are two miles in circumference and are the largest and finest in Egypt. Luxor Temple was started by Amenophis III and finished by Rameses II. One of the obelisks from here was taken to the Place de Concord in Paris, where it now stands. Here we saw the Hypostile, an



OUR RETURN FROM TOMBS OF THE KINGS

obelisk showing the rays of the sun. The Temple of Luxor was originally connected by the Avenue of Sphynx and the Temple of Karnak.

Our visit to Luxor included a stop at the beautiful and attractive gardens of the Luxor Winter Palace Hotel. Harry, the children and I were strolling through these

gardens when we met a Hindoo, who insisted upon telling our fortunes by reading our palms. It was indeed amusing—particularly so as he read the children's palms. After asking where we lived, he told the boys they would some day be president of the United States.

Tonight we saw our first sunset on the Nile, and the



TEMPLE OF LUXOR

colors were truly marvelous. The many clear, transparent pinks, pale blues and golden yellows will be long remembered.

This morning Harry, Henry Augustus, little William and our faithful nurse, Patsy, and I, with the rest of the party, started out to see the ruins of the ancient city of



LONE COLUMN, KARNAK

Thebes. To reach these ruins it is necessary to cross the Nile, and surely we encountered great difficulty, even in a small rowboat, on account of the river's many sandbars. After finally getting well over to the other side, the water was so very low we could go no further. Our great, swarthy Arab oarsman leaped out of the boat into the water and, picking each of us up in turn, carried us ashore. As he took me up, he exclaimed, "Oh, you are only a doll!" and then, holding me in one arm, he picked up little William and carried us without the slightest effort. At last we were all safely landed. The donkey boys, with their donkeys, were waiting for us, as our dragoman had arranged with them to meet us, and soon we were on the beasts and off for our long trip of seven miles across the hot, dusty desert to the Tombs of the Kings. What a mass of ruins and desolation greeted us! Our first stop was at the Temple of Seti I. Then we rode to his tomb, which is the largest and most elaborate in Egypt. The mural decorations represent a series of scenes of sacrifices; also long, sacred snakes bearing mummies on their backs. The building of these Tombs extends many hundreds of feet underground. In visiting one Tomb we had to descend more than three hundred feet, and saw the gruesome sight of a mummy king in his sarcophagus that had been excavated only in 1898.

How terribly thirsty we all were after our long ride through the hot sun and sand! But there was no water anywhere. Suddenly a small boy appeared with a basket of oranges, and how quickly they disappeared, even though we had to pay the exorbitant price of a piastre apiece! In our money this would be twenty cents.

ASSOUAN.

On March 5th after lunch we went by train from Luxor to Assouan, a long, seven hours' ride. Most of the time we were crossing the Great Desert of Sahara, and I have

never experienced such dust as filled the car on that journey. Most of the way the scenery was monotonous and yet interesting, because it was so different from any we had yet seen. We passed through many Bedouin villages, where we saw a motley collection of Arabs—men, women and children—huddled together with their donkeys and camels. A noticeable feature of the Egyptian is his love for brutes, which he respects far more than his wife and children.

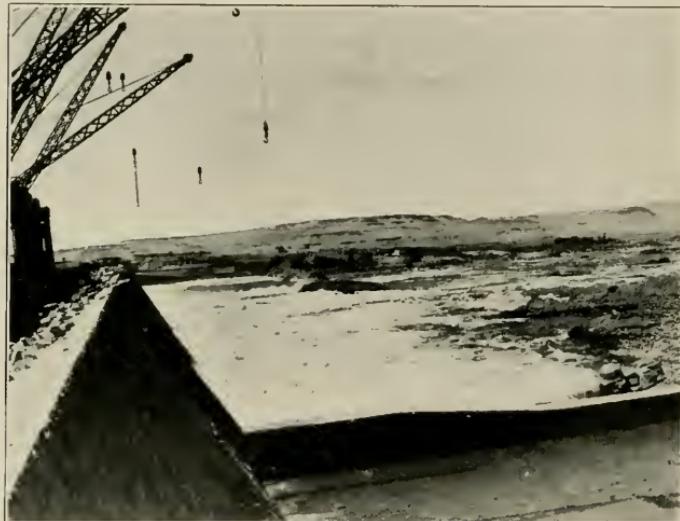
Arriving at Assouan in the late afternoon, a short walk brought us to our steamer Pellican, which was to take us on our trip down the Nile. How cool and lovely our steamer seemed after so much discomfort on the train!

Tonight we have another wonderful sunset on the Nile, and after once having seen the splendor of a sunset in the Orient it can never be forgotten. The delicate, dainty, clear colors are indescribably beautiful. There is something in the balmy softness of the air that makes life in Egypt dreamy and fascinating to the traveler. The first thing one notices in Egypt is the peculiarity of the country, there being an entire absence of anything green. In many parts of Egypt no rain ever falls, and the soil is irrigated by the River Nile overflowing its banks. Is it any wonder the Egyptian worships Father Nile? A very primitive and much used way of irrigating is the pole and bucket of the *shadoof*.

Assouan is six thousand miles from New York. What a long distance we are from home! It is the southern limit of Egypt proper, and seldom does any tourist travel beyond this point. The town of Assouan is clean and attractive and is unlike the usual dirty, noisy Egyptian village. There are many beautiful palm-trees growing along the river banks. The streets of the town are dotted with the pretty, feathery foliage of date palms. The bazaars are strange, picturesque and fascinating. In them

is found a conglomeration of beads, antique jewelry, embroideries, cashmere shawls, and, in fact, every kind of quaint curio.

A wild and savage-looking race of people is seen here. Their hair is very long and a terrible mass of tangies. They seem never to have it cut or combed. The children



THE BIG DAM AT ASSOUAN

are mostly nude. Often, when walking through the streets of Assouan, we would see a train of camels coming noiselessly along, laden with sacks of huge stones.

Assouan is famous for the big Dam at the first Cataract. The genius of English engineers has transformed the Assouan cataract into a mighty reservoir which gives



PYLON KARNAK

water to the heart of dried-up Egypt. This dam is one mile long and, for four years, a great army of men labored to erect this great granite wall. There are a hundred and eight gates or sluices that let the water out, when needed, into the lower river.

After visiting this big Dam, we rowed across to the



PHARAOH'S BED, PHILAE

beautiful ruins of the Island of Philae. These ruins are under water most of the year, when the Dam is flooded. It seems like desecration for these fine ruins to be so submerged; as, in time, they must crumble away into the reservoir.

After lunch, we had a most delightful row around Ele-

phantine Island. A crew of eight natives rowed our boat between the great black rocks and huge boulders that filled the river and surely suggested anything but Egypt to our minds. However, had it not been for these rocks it would have been impossible to have built the Dam. Our oarsmen took turns in entertaining us, playing on their tom-

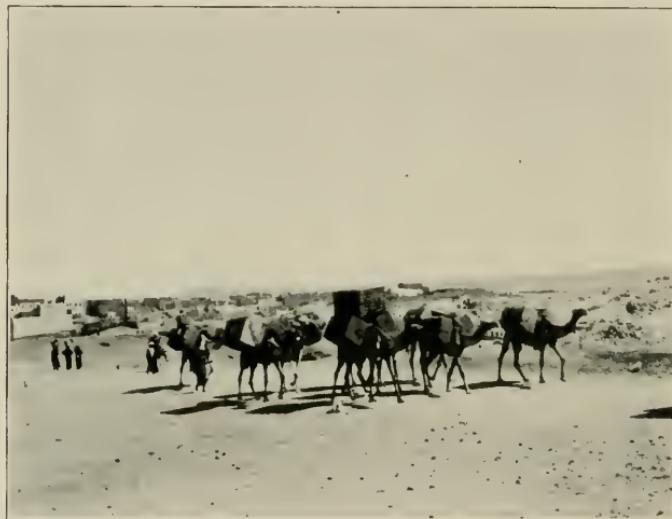


PYLON, PHILAE

tom, dancing and chanting a weird refrain. On Elephantine Island are the ruins of the ancient Nilometer, which once indicated the rise and fall of the river. Tonight we all watched from our steamer a most glorious and brilliant sunset.

At noon today the Pelican started on its ten days'

cruise down the River Nile. The custom of the Nile steamers is to travel by day and to tie up at night, on account of the many sand-bars. After gliding quietly and gently along for three hours, our first stop was at the ruins of the Temple of Kom-Ombo. The excessive heat prevented me and many others of our party from going



CARAVAN LEAVING FOR KHARTOUM

ashore; but we could see plainly the ruins of this fine temple from our steamer, as they stood near the shore and on a high bluff.

Our next excursion was to Edfu; but little Sarah was sick and I would not leave her, though I wanted to go ashore and view the ruins. They are said to be the largest

and best preserved of any of the Egyptian ruins.

The next temple we visited was that of Denderah, which was in splendid condition. When our boat anchored, a crowd of donkey boys, with their donkeys, were waiting for us; as our dragoman had told them of our coming. There is always much confusion and arguing among the



PART OF PARTY AT PHILAE

donkey boys before getting started on our excursion to any ruins. Today, after a longer discussion and delay than usual and after much noisy talking and gesticulating on their part, little William said rather impatiently: "I wish you would speak American—I don't understand English." The donkey boys made a great fuss over our

children, as so few children travel through Egypt. They called them "Skiddoos," Harry "George Washington" and me 'Mrs. American,' and the donkeys "Automobile." This seemed to be the extent of their English.



OUT FOR A WALK

DENDERAH

At last we mounted our donkeys and a short ride brought us to the temple of Denderah. This temple is in a fine state of preservation and remains almost intact. After entering the temple, we then proceeded up several

flights of stairs to the roof, where we had a splendid view of the Great Desert, the River Nile and surrounding country. On the wall outside the temple is the famous relief of Cleopatra and her son, Cæsarion.



READY FOR A RIDE

ABYDOS.

Our steamer anchored next at Belliana, and then a trip of seven miles brought us to the sad and dilapidated ruins of the temple of Seti I at Abydos. This temple was built in 1300 B. C. and is more than three thousand years old.

Its mural decorations are particularly fine. The relief of Seti I is a real work of art. There are many chapels connected with this temple. Their colors still remain as bright as those of any gaily painted picture book.



PROFESSOR CLARK ON PELLICAN

ASSIUT.

We arrived at Assiût at noon today. As soon as the Pellican anchored, the natives rushed down to the shore, just near the boat, and spread out their wares, which consisted of pottery made out of mud from the Nile. We

saw many small children and women making lovely spangled net shawls. Harry bought me a large, beautiful white one with the characteristic Egyptian hieroglyphics on it. This afternoon we drove out to the Tombs, cut



ON THE GANG PLANK

out of solid rock. We entered the dark openings with lighted candles, but the inscriptions were illegible. The view from these Tombs is very fine. Assiût is called the Town of Minarets.

We then visited the soldiers' tombs, where we saw the

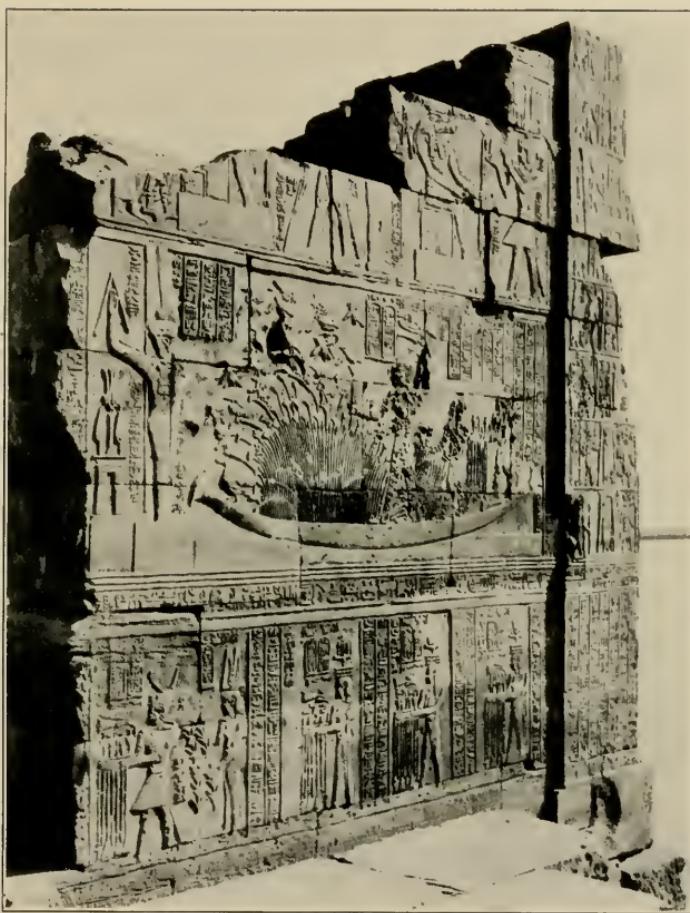
Egyptian Department of Antiquities. At that time excavations and collections for museums were being made, and we saw lots of mummies that had been just excavated.

All day we have been sailing along without making any stops, until tonight, when we anchored at Benihasen.



TEMPLE OF KOM OMBO

This morning, after a few hours' sail, we had quite an unfortunate experience; for our boat struck its first sandbar. The entire crew, including the captain, were out in the river tugging and pulling at the steamer as hard as they could. Finally, after a five hours' delay, we got



THE SACRED BOAT RELIEF ON FRAGMENT OF WALL

started again. This afternoon, wind and weather being favorable, we made up some of our lost time.

This morning our boat anchored at Sakkara. A long, hot walk across the desert brought us to a canal. Here we were ferried across. A choice of conveyances awaited



TEMPLE MUTT KAMET

us: camels, donkeys and the broad-wheeled sand-carts. Harry, Henry Augustus, William and I chose the cart, and soon we were all started, driving through the dirty village of Bedrachin, then through some palm groves and over sand-hills to the sad and solitary ruins that marked



PYLON DENDERAH

the site of what was once the city of Memphis. A short ride further through an avenue of columns which extended to a flight of steps that led to the stupendous statue of Rameses II. To say this is the largest statue in Egypt will convey no idea of its gigantic size and enormous



WONDERFUL STATUE OF RAMESES II.

weight. The length of the statue is about fifty feet; the ear measures three feet.

TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

Leaving this mutilated colossus of Rameses II, we cross a plain to a mass of high cliffs—a most deserted

and desolate spot—the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. Ascending these bare and wild rocks, we were surprised at their grandeur. As we advanced, we found ourselves in a long gallery opening into successive halls and rooms covered with brilliant colors as fresh today as they were



IN THE RAMESSEUM

a thousand years ago. They are really gorgeous palaces hewn out of the rocks. Every Egyptian king seems to have built his own sepulchre.

It was the evening of our last day on the Pelican, and long we lingered to watch the loveliest of sunsets over this mystic land.



TOMBS OF MAMELUKES



COLOSSI OF MEMNON



TYPICAL SAIL-BOAT ON NILE

We anchored at Cairo the next afternoon and, early the following morning—March 16th—we took train for Alexandria. Henry Augustus and his father, with Patsy, sailed for a week's trip to Sicily, after which they joined us in Rome.

William, Sarah, their governess and I sailed for Naples



SUNRISE OVER STRAITS OF MESSINA

on the S. S. Prinz Heinrich. Tonight we passed Mt. Aetna just as the golden sun was sinking, and soon after we were sailing through the Straits of Messina by moonlight. The next morning we anchored at Naples after a most enjoyable voyage. Each passenger, before disembarking, had to pass before the Health Officer, who merely glanced at us as we passed by.

ROME

Leaving Naples at ten a. m., we arrived at Rome four hours later. There was little of interest en route, excepting the beauty of the Italian scenery, with snow-covered mountains and the fresh, summer-like appearance of the fertile valleys. On the train we were glad to meet some Americans. After conversing with them for a while, they asked Sarah where her home was, and she, in a somewhat disconsolate tone, replied: "I used to live in Washington, but now I don't know where I live."

We were delightfully located at the Flora Hotel, just adjoining the beautiful gardens of the Pinciana. The children were wild with delight to have these gardens to run and play in after being so long on board ship. Think of being in Rome—Rome, the Eternal City! I cannot realize it even now. A city that it has always been my dream and desire to visit! How familiar we are with the pictures of St. Peter's, the Colosseum and the Forum! Now, as we gaze upon them in reality, it is like greeting old friends.

After lunch, we drove to the Lateran Church and, this being Holy Week, service was being held there. It is one of the finest and most sacred churches in Rome. It is the church of the Pope, as Bishop of Rome, and here his coronation takes place. On the piazza and in front of the edifice stands the Obelisk of the Laterans, which is a hundred and fifteen feet high and was brought from the temple of Heliopolis in Egypt. It is the oldest Obelisk in Rome. Near the Lateran church stands a small chapel

containing the Scala Santa, or Holy Stairs, and legend says these were trodden by the feet of Jesus. They were brought from Jerusalem by the Empress St. Helena, and no one is allowed to ascend them, except on their knees; so, following this custom and in devout meditation, we ascended the twenty-eight steps on our knees.

This morning we spent in St. Peter's. It has been truthfully said that this is the largest and most beautiful church in the world. Our first glimpse was the one that is so familiar to us all from photographs. The beautiful dome; the great, broad piazzas, and the tall, foaming fountains on both sides, with the sun shining from a cloudless sky, was a sight of rare impressiveness. The interior is one of magnificence and beauty and surely is beyond all powers of description. Walking up the long nave, we see the rarest and richest of marbles, art in statues and the finest works of art in mosaics adorn the walls. The ceiling is a rich canopy ablaze with gold. One cannot measure the great distances in St. Peter's and, only by contrasting the living, moving monuments, can we form any idea of its colossal proportions. One can gaze up into the dome and read purple mosaic letters that are six feet in length on a gold ground. Near the altar is the famous bronze statue of St. Peter sitting in a chair; in one hand holding the keys of heaven, while the other is in an uplifted position. The great toe of the statue is worn smooth by the kisses of the many pilgrims to its shrine.

This morning we drove to the Piazza del Popolo, where we were interested in seeing the many different divergent streets. In the center there is an obelisk brought from Egypt, and around it are four fountains.

From the Piazza del Popolo we walked up to the high hill of the gardens, from which point we had a glorious view of Rome. At the foot of these gardens Nero was born.

This afternoon we visited the church of St. Maria Maggiore. The interior was particularly impressive and harmonious. Along each side of its magnificent nave there are twenty-two beautiful, big Ionic columns with a frieze of mosaic pictures representing scenes from the Old Testament. The entire wall behind and over the chancel is in exquisite mosaics. Directly in front of this church stands one single, beautiful Corinthian column with a bronze figure of the Virgin Mary on its top.

This morning we strolled through the lovely Pinciana Gardens to the Museum; but unfortunately it was closed. Then we visited some of the attractive shops before returning to our hotel.

This is Easter morning, and I was awakened by the musical chimes from St. Peter's. Ever since our arrival in Rome the weather has been cold and very windy. Today, however, is ideal for Easter. The children and I attended Easter service at St. Peter's, where the singing was superb. Although thousands of people thronged the church, it did not seem crowded.

This afternoon we strolled through the Borghese Gardens where we saw Roman aristocracy driving and walking. We then visited the church of St. Maria del Popolo which contains many fine paintings. One of the small chapels in the church was designed and decorated by Raphael, and an exquisite painting of his Nativity hangs over the altar.

This morning we spent in the superb Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. The entire ceiling is truly magnificent. It contains exquisite frescoes by Michael Angelo. I like especially the scenes in the center of the ceiling, from the Old Testament, and the frescoes of the prophets. The Last Judgment occupies the entire space at one end of the chapel, and was not as pleasing to me as many others. From here we drove to the church of St. Pietro in Vincoli

—St. Peter in chains—where we saw the masterpiece statue of Moses by Michael Angelo. The gigantic figure is seated in a chair, with his long beard flowing below his waist and his horned head and eyes so full of fire looking as if he were to rise up and shout laws, thus producing chaos and confusion rather than giving peace to all the world. Near the altar we saw the chains that are supposed to have bound St. Peter in prison.

This morning we walked to the Pantheon, the best preserved of all the ancient buildings in Rome. It is a most impressive structure. In front there are sixteen great granite columns that are forty-five feet high. The interior has an immense rotunda, and the only light in the building comes from an opening in the center of the great dome. It was built as a pagan temple, but later was consecrated as a Christian church. This entire structure, when built, was covered or encased in white marble; but only pieces of that now remain. The Pantheon is the burial place of Italy's celebrated and gifted men, Raphael's tomb being conspicuous among the rest.

After visiting the Pantheon, we went to the church of St. Maria Sophra Minerva, the only important Gothic church in Rome. Its columns are all imitation of marble. There is a painting in one of the chapels, said to be the work of Fra Angelico. The statue of Christ, by Michael Angelo, is very fine. In one of the chapels, over the altar, hangs a beautiful painting—a head of Christ—by Perugino.

Today we set out to see the beautiful palace of Barberini, also the art gallery that contains some very fine paintings. Our interest here, however, was centered in the two beautiful portraits of Beatrice Cenci by Guido Reni. In the palace we saw an exquisite statue of Innocence by Canova.

Then we went to the Cappuccini Church, where we saw the magnificent paintings by Guido Reni of the Archangel Michael trampling the Devil. Our guide, a Cappuccini monk, then had us descend to the Chapel of the Dead, where we saw skulls upon skulls, placed one upon the other, covering the entire wall. We also saw perfect skeletons of monks in their robes. Frescoes in the ceiling were formed of different bones and chandeliers were made out of skulls, producing a most horrible and gruesome sight.

It is just two months and two days since we left Boston, and I have today received my first mail since I have been in Europe. Our mail was delayed after we changed our plans and decided to take the trip to Egypt. We did not have any mail forwarded from Paris until we returned to Italy. How eagerly I devoured each and every home letter! Mother sent me several postals from Texas, where she had gone on account of Ed's sickness. I had such a good letter from father, and one from Anna told me the good news that she expects to sail about June first for Europe, and will meet Ruth in Paris—I hope to join them as soon as possible. Other warmly welcomed letters were received from Will, Belle, Ezra, Brainard, Lucy, and one from Cousin Beckie Henderson.

This afternoon we visited the Quirinal Palace, where the king and queen of Italy reside. We there caught a glimpse of the Crown Prince, who was riding horseback in the palace grounds. On our way back to the hotel, we stopped at the shops and purchased postals and photographs of Rome.

This has been an interesting and strenuous day spent at the Capitoline. In the piazza in front of the Capitoline is the finest bronze equestrian statue in the world, and is, perhaps, one representing the most beautiful character in

history—Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Aurelius is sitting on his steed, with his hand stretched forth not to utter a command, but a benediction. In the Hall of Sculpture we saw many fine busts of the world's most illustrious men—Julius Cæsar, Cicero, Homer, Socrates, and a beau-



GWEDA, HENRY AUGUSTUS, WILLIAM BRADLEY

tiful bust of Marcus Aurelius as a little boy. In the center of one room is the noble and pathetic figure of the Dying Gladiator. Another gem of this room is the Fawn of Praxitiles, a statue of a young man leaning against the stump of a tree, his only covering a lion's skin. The

entire figure is marvelously graceful. Among the other statues worthy of note are a fine Greek sculpture of Venus and a bronze figure of a boy extracting a thorn from his foot. Here is also seen the bronze wolf with the small figures of Romulus and Remus. In the Art Gallery we saw the painting, so beautiful in form and color, of St. Sebastian by Guido Reni; also two fine Vandykes.

How glad we were today to welcome Harry and Henry Augustus and Patsy back from their two weeks' trip to Sicily! What a wonderful trip they did have! Henry Augustus rushed into the room with a bound and greeted me by saying: "Maminear, I have a watch and my first pair of suspenders, and now I am a man!" (He is just seven and a half years old.)

This morning Harry, the children and I walked through the beautiful Borghese Gardens to the Art Gallery and to the Hall of Statuary. As we were strolling through the Hall of Statuary little William said: "Mañinear, are these all brothers and sisters, and which is the father and mother?" In this Hall is a fine statue of the Princess Borghese, a sister of Napoleon I; also a Venus by Canova which is considered one of his best works.

This afternoon we visited the church of St. Maria del Popolo, then drove to St. Peter's, where we saw several babies being baptized. Later, we attended a service in the chapel. Just at the hour of sunset, we drove to the church Trinita del Monte and heard a song service by the French Nuns. As we came out of the church, the sun was just sinking behind the purple hills of Rome, and what a superb sight!

Today we drove to the American University, to give our letter from Cardinal Gibbons to Father Brandi, in order to have an audience with Pope Pius X. Then we drove to the Vatican, but were too late to be admitted. However, we were told that word would be sent us when to return.

This afternoon we made our first trip to the Colosseum. It is one of the largest theatres ever built, and surely it is a colossal and impressive ruin. Tier after tier of seats extend to its very top; its walls are pierced with innumerable windows and other openings; its great arena, where gladiatorial combats took place, is entered



THE COLOSSEUM

by trap doors from beneath—here the wild animals were kept in dungeons.

Today we visited the church of St. Maria in Aracoeli. Here we saw the strange and famous image of the Bambino, an immense painted doll richly decorated with bits of jewelry—necklaces, rings, etc. The Bambino represents Christ as a child.

This evening while at dinner we were quite excited when told there was a messenger from the Vatican. We knew he had come to arrange for our audience with His Holiness, the Pope.

Early this morning with our papal costumes in readiness, Harry, the two boys and I started for the Vatican. A black dress and a black lace veil for the head, and no gloves, are the customary costume; also a dress suit for Harry and white neckties for the little boys. After arriving at the Vatican, we were ushered through several richly decorated rooms; then, waiting for some time, we were shown into a red room containing only a very large chair covered with red and gold. With about twenty other persons we were asked to stand, take hands and form a circle. Soon his holiness entered, when we all knelt. The Pope walked slowly around, and each one of us took his hand and kissed his seal ring. He spoke French to the little boys and patted them on their cheeks. After he had walked around the circle, he stood in the center and gave us his blessing in Latin, blessing "all present—all families represented and all in mind." It was a great and solemn occasion. The Pope is a dear old man, and I do not wonder that all Rome love him as they do. He was dressed in a long flowing white robe and wore a small white cap.

We walked through about ten or more rooms. The Pope was giving audiences in four different rooms and, in some, there were over a hundred people; so we were fortunate in our small number.

Today, also, we visited the Corsini Art Gallery, where we saw many famous and beautiful paintings. I liked best the Madonna and Child by Murillo, and Vandyke's portrait of himself. Then we crossed the street to the Farnesia Palace. Here the walls are embellished with famous frescoes by Raphael.

Afterwards we went to the Cardinal's Church, or St. Maria in Trastevere, which is richly decorated. Its floor is entirely covered with mosaic marbles. Today, also, we viewed the ruins of the Forum. We saw the famous fragments of historic Roman temples. Conspicuous among these is the Arch of Constantine and the Arch of Titus. After Julius Cæsar was assassinated by Brutus in the Pantheon, his body was brought to the Forum and cremated. Here, likewise, Mark Anthony delivered his famous funeral oration. The plan of St. Peter's is copied from the Basilica of Constantine in the Forum.

Today we set out to see some of the churches. First we drove to the St. Giovanni Laterano, and then I visited for the second time the Scala Santa. Harry, Henry Augustus, little William Bradley and I ascended, as is the custom, the Sacred Stairs on our knees. When Harry was about half way up the stairs, his hat dropped out of his pocket, and no one discovered it until we were all at the top. The little boys were much amused, and started to go back after it; but the indignant guide would not allow them to. Later, however, little William Bradley started at the foot of the stairs again on his knees and at last rescued the hat for his father. The episode made us almost hysterical with laughter, but the solemn, sober guide did not appreciate the joke.

We then drove to the St. Maria Maggiore and to the St. Lorenzo. These churches contain many beautiful paintings.

This morning I spent in the attractive and fascinating shops. In the afternoon Harry and I attended a lecture on the Palatine Hill. We walked through the ruins while listening to the speaker. Among the ruins of interest was a Roman house, and the Stadium that stood between the palace of Augustus and that of the emperor

Nero. Nero, one of the most cruel emperors, burned Rome, and, while the Eternal City was in flames, this lawless ruler played his fiddle. The Golden House of Nero was the most magnificent ever built.

Today we made the delightful excursion to Tivoli, traveling by train along the ancient road running through the Campagna. Our first stop was near a milk-white, strong-smelling sulphur stream. A short ride further soon brought us to the Villa d'Este, where we walked through beautiful and extensive gardens filled with wild flowers, fountains and running streams. It was in these gardens Tasso and Shelley wrote their exquisite poems. We then drove through the town of Tivoli, and around a great ravine where we viewed the colossal water-falls sending forth their silvery spray. A drive along the famous avenue of cypress trees brought us to Hadrian's Villa, where we explored the imposing rooms of one of the biggest palaces ever built.

This morning Harry and I went to the Rospighiosi, where we viewed with great delight Guido Reni's famous painting, Aurora. It occupies the entire ceiling of one room. The soft and harmonious colors in the superb figure of Aurora scattering roses as she seems to be sailing along on the golden clouds is, indeed, exquisite. While Apollo is being drawn in his chariot, one can easily imagine the hurry, and the tumult of the clashing chariot. What a noble piece of work Guido Reni has here produced!

After this, we drove to the Vatican Art Gallery, which contains many masterpieces. We gazed with admiration on some of Raphael's works of art: the Annunciation, the Holy Family, and the Transfiguration—his last work, as the death of the great artist occurred soon after its completion—this famous painting hung over his death-bed. Paintings of other noted artists we liked were Guercino's

Incredulity of St. Thomas; Murillo's Adoration of the Shepherds; and Titian's Madonna and Saints.

Today we took the drive along the Appian Way, where we saw the ruins of many famous tombs. Here, also, is the Circus Maximus and the Arch of Drusus under which St. Paul and St. Peter passed on their way to Rome, where they were taken prisoners. We then drove to the Quo Vadis church on the Appian Way. This is where, tradition says, our Lord appeared to St. Peter, saying: "Domini, quo vadis?" This church contains a beautiful statue of Christ by Michael Angelo. Over one foot is a covering of bronze protecting it from the kisses of ardent tourists.

Our next stop was at the church of St. Sebastian, where we saw a beautiful statue of St. Sebastian over his own tomb. He is represented as lying down, with four arrows piercing his body. From here, with lighted tapers, we entered the dark and narrow passages of the Catacombs which cover five hundred miles. I had a thrilling experience here: for, just as we were about to enter the Catacombs, a lady walking directly in front of me set fire with her candle to her hat, and it was all ablaze in a moment. Instantly I put my hand on the flame just in time to prevent any serious results.

After leaving the Catacombs, we visited the magnificent Basilica of St. Paul's, outside the walls. The altar is of beautiful mosaics, and the nave, with its four rows of great Corinthian columns, numbering one hundred, is most impressive. Seventy-four portraits of the Popes form a frieze around the top of the walls.

We stopped next at the English cemetery, where we saw the graves of the two great English writers—Shelley and Keats. Shelley was drowned; but, his body having been found, the grave contains his heart. Keats died with the request that no name should be put on his tomb, but

that he desired this inscription: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," meaning it would soon fade away.

After lunch we had a beautiful drive up around the Garibaldi statue; then we drove to the church of St.



THE CHILDREN AT PLAY

Cecelia, which contains a beautiful and richly decorated chapel beneath it. Here also is what is supposed to have been the home of St. Cecelia.

This morning Harry and I stopped at the stores and purchased a beautiful water-color of St. Peter's. In the

afternoon we went with the children's little Italian friend, Gweda, out to the Pinciana Gardens and enjoyed watching the sports there. There is much more recreation in the parks in Rome than in America: priests, students, and every one join in playing baseball, football and other games. The band played and all Roman aristocracy turned out.

The children had a fine ride through these gardens in a miniature coach drawn by two small donkeys.

Tonight Harry and I went out to see the illuminations of the Colosseum. What a wonderful and weird sight it was! Red, green, yellow and purple lights illuminating the hundreds of dark places at the same time.

This morning we drove to the Keats-Shelley Memorial House; but found it closed; then we made our second visit to the Corsini Art Gallery and feasted our eyes on Murillo's exquisite Madonna and Child which occupies one small room. Then we paid a parting visit to St. Peter's.

On our way back to the hotel we stopped at the Castle St. Angelo, where we climbed to the top and had a fine view of Rome. This was built for Hadrian's tomb and was also used as a prison.

FLORENCE

This morning we were all up bright and early, ready to make our departure for Florence. Gweda, our little Italian friend, came to the train to see us off. En route



FLORENCE FROM SAN MINIATO DRIVE

there was a great deal of beautiful Italian scenery to be enjoyed. After a long six-hours' journey, we arrived at Florence very tired.

We are staying at the historic and interesting Villa

Trollope, the favorite stopping place of many well-known English and American writers. Among them we may mention George Eliot, who wrote most of *Romola* here; Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Frances Hodgson Burnett. Florence is a most attractive city, and it has been well named the "City of Flowers," for they are here in great profusion.

This morning we visited the studio of Mr. Larkin Mead, the sculptor. He had a most exquisite piece of statuary, called *The Recording Angel*, that Harry purchased as a memorial to his father and mother, to be placed in the Westminster family lot in Vermont. Later we drove to the Piazza Michael Angelo, where we saw a fine bronze statue of David by Michael Angelo.

After lunch, we had a delightful drive through the Boboli Gardens. We wandered through the vistas of tall arching trees until we reached the highest part of the gardens leading to the tower. From here we had a superb view of Florence.

PISA.

After a two hours' ride on an express train, Harry and I arrived at the attractive city of Pisa. A twenty minutes' drive then brought us to the imposing group of buildings that we had long desired to visit: namely, the Campanile, the Leaning Tower, Cathedral, Baptistry and Campo Santo. Our first stop was at the Campo Santo, which is built in the shape of an immense arcade with great arched windows surrounding it. The mural paintings of the Fourteenth Century were most curious, depicting scenes on the solemnity of death. Then we drove to the Baptistry, which is built entirely of marble. This contains a beautiful marble pulpit, supported by seven columns; also a great octagonal marble font. Next we visited the magnificent Cathedral. It is built entirely of white mar-

ble, inlaid with black marble. The ceiling is richly coffered with gold. There are many exquisite paintings to be seen here, and a particularly pleasing one of St. Agnes and the Lamb by Andrea del Sarto. The celebrated Leaning Tower, erected in 1174, has six distinct sections of columns, decreasing in size to the top; and it is 179 feet high. This tower is much out of the perpendicular, giving it a leaning appearance. We did not notice the slant on going up; but coming down, it made us quite dizzy. From the top we had a fine view of Pisa and the surrounding country.

ST. MARCO.

This afternoon we visited the famous monastery of St. Marco. After entering, we lingered for some time in the cloister, which we found a most attractive and delightful place. We then went into the different chapels and saw many beautiful frescoes by Fra Angelico, and especially the magnificent Crucifixion in the Chapel House. We then ascended the stairs leading to many cells. Here one sees the lovely Annunciation and St. Domini, embracing the Cross, by Fra Angelico. They are both painted on the walls of the corridor.

As we further visited the different cells, we saw Fra Angelico's most exquisite frescoes, painted on the white-washed walls during his life in the monastery. Then we visited two small cells that were of deep and great interest, having been occupied by Savonarola. On the wall hangs the painting showing where he was burned to death —the Palazzo Signorela in Florence. One of these cells contains a picture showing a geneological tree of the monks, and the name of Savonarola is almost obliterated by kisses.

Adjoining the monastery is the old, gloomy, bare-looking church of St. Marco.

Next we went to the Palazzo Riccardi, which was once

a palace, as its name indicates. Our chief interest here was the little chapel with its beautiful and gorgeous fresco paintings, representing a procession winding through a rocky country.

Our next point of interest was the rough-faced, plastered church of San Lorenzo. It was here that Savonarola preached his most stirring sermons, even against the Medicis, who were patrons of the church. Connected with the church is the Medicina Chapel filled with magnificent marbles. From here we went to the new Sacristy built by Michael Angelo, which contains his two gigantic and splendid statues of Dawn and Twilight, and Day and Morning.

Our next stop at the St. Croce Church was most interesting as it contains many magnificent monuments of Italy's illustrious men. Conspicuous among them are the tombs of Michael Angelo, who died in Rome in 1564, and that of Dante.

Bright and early this morning we drove to the Pitti and Uffizi Art Galleries, in which are many art treasures of the world. After going through the Pitti Gallery, we walked under cover all the way across the Arno, through avenues of portraits lining the walls on both sides until we reached the Uffizi Gallery. These galleries contain many paintings by Raphael, the most beautiful and celebrated being the Madonna of the Chair (*Madonna della Sedia*). There is a very pretty story connected with this painting, that explains why it is always seen in a circular frame. One day, the great master was strolling through a charming bit of country when he came upon a pretty family group that appealed so strongly to his artistic sense that he paused and gazed upon it. A lovely young mother was seated there and in her arms held a beautiful and rosy babe. Raphael asked permission to draw them as they were grouped and, this being granted, he was ap-

palled by the discovery that he was without paper upon which to produce his picture. However, a barrel standing near by was put into service and so, upon its rounded top, this famous masterpiece was drawn.

Fra Angelico's Coronation of the Virgin and the Choir of Angels in this Gallery also appealed strongly to me.

This afternoon we made the excursion to Fiesole, where we had a magnificent and extensive view of Florence.

Today we visited with great interest the house where Michael Angelo lived. This house is most interesting and contains many paintings by Michael Angelo and his pupils; also many original drawings of his great works—a wax model of the great David and a drawing of his masterpiece, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican Palace at Rome. The house has been ornamented and preserved by his pupils, in testimony of their admiration and gratitude. The contrast was, indeed, great when we next visited the cheerless and barren house where the great poet Dante was born in 1274. We saw two busts of Dante and a beautiful marble bust of Beatrice, his sweetheart.

We then went to the Accademiai Belle Arti and, in the rotunda facing the entrance stands the gigantic and celebrated David hewn by Michael Angelo in his twenty-sixth year. There are many beautiful old paintings to be seen here.

Today we went to the English Protestant Cemetery, where Elizabeth Barrett Browning is buried; also Rev. Theodore Parker.

This afternoon we viewed the Loggia Lanza, built in 1376. It is an open, vaulted court and contains several intensely interesting statues in bronze and marble. Then we walked to the picturesque Piazza della Signorela. Here, in front of the beautiful and massive Neptune fountain, is the bronze slab marking the spot where Sav-

onarola was burned to death.

We visited this morning the Cloistro della Scalzo, where we saw exquisite frescoes painted in 1517 by Andrea del Sarto. The scenes are chosen from the life of John the Baptist, and are all done in soft, sepia colors.

We next visited the church of the Annunziata. It is a large and beautiful structure and contains many gorgeous chapels. Just opposite this church is the Foundling Hospital, or Spedale degli Innocenti. The exterior decorations of the building are very curious and significant, being covered with blue-colored medallions of infants in swaddling clothes.

We then drove to the Or San Michele Church, erected in 1337. Around its exterior are many small statues.

Our next stop was at the St. Maria Novella, where we saw the famous Madonna by Cimabue.

Another church was the St. Maria Magdalena de Pazzi, where we saw two beautiful frescoes by Andrea del Sarto. The chapel house also contains a beautiful fresco of the Crucifixion by Perugino.

Today we went to the studio of Mr. Carmichael and arranged with him to paint a portrait of little Sarah during our stay in Florence. This afternoon we visited the archaeological museum, where we saw many beautiful black vases and bronzes; also an Egyptian war chariot and a bronze statue of Minerva, found in 1541. Here we also saw an exquisite collection of Florentine tapestries.

From here we went to the National Museum, or massive Bargello, which was originally built for a palace. We walked first out into the colonnade court, which is extremely interesting and picturesque with its rich and effective colorings—a popular retreat for artists. Many noble Florentines have been beheaded in this court. We went into the Chapel Magdalena, covered with frescoes by Giotto. In one of these frescoes Dante is represented.

We saw in the Donnatello room many beautiful statues—one of St. John the Baptist and two of David.

In the La Badia Church we saw a masterpiece by Filippo Lippi.

This afternoon we visited the great Cathedral of St. Marea del Fiore or Duomo, which is located right in the heart of Florence. Its exterior is elaborately decorated in black and white marble; but there is very little of interest in the church. The Baptistry stands nearby. It is a large black-and-white octagonal structure and is entered by large bronze doors built in 1330. Adjoining the Cathedral stands the Campanile which is the highest and most elaborate tower ever built.

Today we spent the entire morning on our last visit to the Pitti and Uffizi Galleries, as in two days we leave Florence for Venice. We literally feasted our eyes on these rare masterpieces. One never wearies of Raphael's exquisite Madonna and Child and the many other rare paintings seen here—the Murillos, Titians, Rubens, Rembrandts, Guido Renis, Vandykes, Peruginos, Filippi Lippis.

VENICE

This morning we were all up bright and early as we were leaving Florence for Venice. The ride was long and tiresome, covering about eight hours.

Our arrival in Venice was quite novel; as our train



THE RIALTO

passed over a long bridge or trestle before bringing us to the station. A short walk, and we reached the Grand Canal, where it seemed as if hundreds of gondolas were waiting for tourists. One gondola was large enough for our party of seven, and soon we were gliding gently and

noiselessly along through the canals of Venice. Oh! the delight and joy of it all. Surely Venice is an enchanting city, and its novelty is unique—water everywhere—deep and dirty, too, not at all the clean, blue pretty Venice of our imagination.

This morning, all eager for our first glimpse of the city,



ST. MARKS SQUARE

we started out through the narrow alley-like streets that lead to the big, broad, beautiful Piazza of St. Marco. Here the children were well entertained, feeding the many pigeons that flew about. So tame were they that they alighted upon the children's shoulders and ate grain from their hands. Leaving the children with the pigeons,

Harry and I sauntered into the Cathedral of St. Marco. This is truly a gorgeous cathedral with its elaborate decorations of gold.

Then we went to the Doges' Palace not far distant.



IN A GONDOLA

This is a building of rare architectural beauty and it contains many fine old paintings. The well-known Bridge of Sighs adjoins this edifice, and over it many a prisoner has been led to a fearful fate.

After lunch we took a gondola ride, making a tour of

the Grand Canal. We stopped and visited the church of St. Maria della Salute, where we saw a beautiful painting by Tintoretta, the Marriage at Cana, or the Miracle of Turning Water into Wine. Again we stopped at the



THE CHILDREN FEEDING THE PIGEONS

church of St. Georgia Maggiore, where we saw magnificent monuments of Titian, Canova and others. Next we visited the church of St. Toma, containing a masterpiece of Titian.

We returned to our gondola and stopped now at the

Glass Factory, where we saw many rare specimens of Venetian glass. The guide was much concerned lest the children might break some of their perishable products,



HARRY, AND THE BOYS

and requested us to come back another day without them. We then visited the lace factory and saw many children and women making the beautiful Venetian lace by hand.

There was considerable excitement yesterday afternoon,

caused by the arrival of the royal yacht of England, with the queen on board. It was anchored just opposite our hotel.

This morning I spent in the fascinating and tempting shops and had just returned to the Regina Hotel fortunately in time to see Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, and her party, sail by in gondolas. When little Sarah came in, I was glad to know that she, too, had seen the queen on the Piazzo of St. Marco, feeding the pigeons.

Tonight Harry and I walked up to the Piazzo St. Marco where everything was brilliantly illuminated. Throngs assembled and made a gay and festive scene.

OBERAMMERGAU

This morning we hastened our departure from Venice, owing to our constant anxiety about the children's safety, there being so much water everywhere. Our train left at



BRENNER PASS

eight A. M. for Lake Garda via Verona and Decenzano, where we boarded the boat for our trip across Lake Garda. The scenery was magnificent with the wild and rugged peaks of the snow-covered Alps in the distance and the

water in the lake the brightest and bluest I have ever seen. Lake Garda is one of the largest of the many beautiful Italian lakes.

RIVA.

We arrived at Riva, Austria, after a three hours' most delightful sail across this lovely lake. Riva is a small and mountainous place, beautifully located on Lake Garda, right in the Alpine region. The hotel is excellent.

This morning was clear and cloudless and we were all out early for a stroll in the beautiful gardens before leaving Riva. At ten o'clock we took a narrow-gauge railroad to Mori, passing en route much wild and mountainous scenery. At Mori we changed cars for Innsbrück, and every moment of the journey was filled with excitement. The ride over, through and under the Alps was wonderful and thrilling in its grandeur. From the car window we had a magnificent view of the snow-covered and sharp-pointed purple peaks of the Dolomites. Then we passed on through the marvelous Brenner Pass, presenting wonderful landscape pictures through the high, snow-covered mountain vistas.

After our long journey, we reached Innsbrück at six o'clock. This is a delightful little mountainous town, and the capital of the Tyrol. It lies at the base of lofty and rugged mountains.

INNSBRUCK.

This morning we had just finished breakfast when we heard of King Edward's death. Queen Alexandra reached home from her Italian cruise the night before the king died.

We took a drive around this pretty little town of Innsbrück, stopping first at the Hofkirche, which is the Westminster Abbey of the Tyrol, as it is the resting-place of its illustrious dead. The most conspicuous tomb here is that of Maximilian I. It stands right in the center of the

church and is surrounded by twenty-eight colossal bronze statues, one being that of King Arthur of England.

We next proceeded to the Silver Chapel, named from the silver image it contains of the Virgin. Across the street is the Hofburg, or palace, where we were shown through. As we looked out of its windows, we saw the King Regent starting on a horseback ride in his gay uniform trimmed in red. He rode a beautiful white horse, making a striking appearance.

Leaving the chapel, we drove to the House with the Golden Roof, richly decorated in roccoco style.

This morning Harry and I braved a storm and went to the Episcopal Church. The snow has fallen thick and fast all day; so everything is now covered with a white mantle. Having seen no snow all winter, it is strange to see it so late as May eighth.

GARMISCH.

This morning we started for the shops and purchased some heavy flannels on account of this cold weather. After lunch we left Innsbrück in an automobile for Garmisch, a distance of forty miles. The first part of the ride was pleasant. We seemed to go right up on top of these wonderful high mountains surrounding Garmisch; then conditions changed and we encountered a blinding snowstorm which made it very cold and disagreeable. It was a great disappointment that these fine views were obscured by the unseasonable elements. Garmisch is a petite, picturesque village, superbly situated at the foot of these mighty mountains.

This morning Harry and Henry Augustus went in an automobile to Oberammergau, where they will spend the night, and tomorrow see the first performance of the Passion Play. Another snowfall and some rain today.

This evening Harry and Henry Augustus returned from Oberammergau in time for a late dinner. They re-

ported the play wonderful. This has been a perfect day and we have all been out for a stroll.

MUNICH.

This morning Harry and I left the children at Garmisch and started for a two days' stay in Munich before



OLD GATEWAY, MUNICH

going to Oberammergau. On arrival in Munich we secured very good accommodations and then took a drive around this beautiful and attractive city. Munich is more like our American cities than any we have yet seen, with its wide, clean and well-shaded streets and its many gardens and parks which strongly suggested our own

beautiful Washington. The buildings are large and imposing and there are many handsome homes there.

Tonight we slept under, instead of on top of, a feather bed. Surely we have reached the land of *ein*, *zwei*, *drei*, otherwise known as "Deutschland"—

"The people live for comfort and dress not too grand;

But are healthy, happy, loving Münchener beer
and the music of the band."

We have had terrible times in our sight-seeing with the *eingangs* and the *aufgangs*; for, when we wanted to get out, we invariably found ourselves at the "going in place."

This morning we first visited the Glyptothek, containing a fine collection of antique sculpture. In the Assyrian room we saw on the walls colossal reliefs of winged and horned genii which were excavated from Nineveh in 1843. In the Egyptian room we saw a bronze statue of Horus, the sun god, with which we became so familiar when traveling in Egypt. The most interesting room of all is the Ægean room, containing groups representing periods following the Persian Wars, 480 B. C. The "Dying Trojan," or the "Fallen Warrior," and many others showing a wonderful perfection in form are among the finest art treasures in Munich. Next we went to the New Pinakothek, which contains a collection of the paintings by modern Munich masters. Opposite the entrance stands the gigantic model of Victory. Victory is a large figure of a woman standing in a chariot and driving four immense lions. In one room there are twenty-three Greek landscapes by Rottman. The paintings are distinguished for their unusual transparent light effects.

Then we went to the Schack Gallery, where are to be seen excellent copies of the old masters, done by modern artists, and one can scarcely tell them from the originals. We saw copies of The Concert by Titian,

Murillo's famous Madonna and Child, some of Rubens', Vandyke, and some of Michael Angelo's.

Leaving the Schack Gallery, we drove to the St. Boniface church, called the Basilica, one of the finest churches in Europe.

My visit to the Nuremberg toy shops was a real delight to me. I was glad to see and buy for the children some of these famous and truly wonderful toys.

Harry and I drove out this afternoon to the English Gardens and there saw a typical scene of German life. Here the Germans indulge in beer while listening in delight to the music. Later we took train for Oberammergau. On our arrival there we received our mail; also a cablegram telling of the death of Mr. Harry Reed.

OBÉRAMMÉRGAU.

This morning we were awakened by the ringing of the church bells. Church is held from five to seven in the morning. We got there about six o'clock. Just next to us sat Anton Lang, who takes so admirably the part of Christ in the Passion Play.

Returning to our *pension*, we ate our meager breakfast, which consisted of bread, butter and coffee. Promptly at eight o'clock we were seated in the play-house among six thousand people. At noon there is an interval of two hours; then again the play begins at two o'clock and is over at six.

The presentation of the powerful Passion Play, given by these simple, pious, Bavarian peasants, brings every decade throngs of tourists from all countries to this obscure German hamlet. The scenes in the life of Christ are so devoutly, reverently and earnestly portrayed by these people that one cannot but feel their religious fervor. The solemnity of the subject and players from beginning to end makes a strong and lasting impression, and no thought of mere "acting" enters the onlookers'

mind. Four hundred persons—all from this little village of Oberammergau with a population of less than two thousand inhabitants—take part in the play. The chorus and solos were a particularly effective part of the program.

On account of the news of Mr. Reed's death, Harry



VIEW OF OBERAMMERSGAU AND PLAY HOUSE

found it urgent to leave at once for home and decided to take Henry Augustus and Patsy with him. They sailed from Hamburg for New York May nineteenth.

This morning William, Sarah, their governess and I left Garmisch at nine o'clock, with a coach and four to drive to Füssen, a distance of forty miles. The children

were delighted with the tinkling bells around the horses' necks and the long, beautiful squirrels' tails hanging on their ears. The drive was a glorious one through canyons with many beautiful cascades and snow-covered mountains in the distance always in view. We stopped for lunch, then continued our drive, arriving at Füssen



HOUSE OF ANTON LANG

in time for a delicious dinner, served in a most attractive garden.

This morning our coach and four came to our hotel and, at eight o'clock, we were off to the Bavarian castles. We went through only the magnificent castle of Neuschwanstein, built by the extravagant but beauty-loving King

Ludwig I. The castle is one of the most costly and elegant ever built. After lunch we took train for Lindau. Lindau is situated on the beautiful Lake Constance.

ZURICH.

This morning bright and early we were up and off on the steamer, leaving Lindau at 7:30 for Constance, sailing the entire length of the lovely lake. We reached Constance at eleven o'clock and here we made good connections for the train to Zurich. We arrived at Zurich at two o'clock and, after going to the Belle Vue Hotel and securing rooms, we went for a stroll in the gardens. Later we started in search of a store, where I purchased a much needed supply of clothing for the children and a characteristic German doll for Sarah, to add to her interesting collection of foreign dolls.

This evening the children and I enjoyed watching the many pretty boats sailing along on the Zurich Zee.

LUCERNE.

Today after lunch we took train for Lucerne, arriving at the Victoria Hotel after a two hours' ride on the train. On our first walk through Lucerne, we wandered over the many curious and crooked bridges leading to the Kurplatz, where we listened to the fine concert given by the celebrated Italian orchestra. The Kurplatz is the rendezvous of the fashionable, where they meet to listen to the excellent music.

This morning we walked through the curious and strange wooden-covered bridge known as the Kapellbrücke, which crosses the river diagonally and was built in 1333. It contains a series of very old and faded, pyramid-shaped paintings beneath the roof, which record the heroic deeds of the Swiss. We then continued our walk past the many fascinating and attractive shops until we came to the romantic nook containing the famous Lion of Lucerne. The sight is an impressive one, show-

ing a majestic, magnificent, recumbent wounded lion. It was sculptured in the year 1821 by Thorwaldsen and dedicated to the memory of the Swiss Royal Guards of Paris, 1789. It is hewn out of an immense and perfectly perpendicular rock, surrounded by many beautiful shade trees, and, just beneath it, a small stream reflects the life-like lion in its waters, making it even more impressive. Even the children seemed to feel the inspiration of this noble piece of work, and we returned many times to gratify their childish enthusiasm.

FROM PARIS TO BRUSSELS

Leaving the children with their governess in Lucerne, I was up bright and early this morning, ready to take train for Paris. The journey was long and tedious. The only event of any importance was when the custom house officials boarded the train and scrutinized most carefully all my baggage. After six hours' ride I was glad to get off the train, and how overjoyed I was to be met by Ruth Larner!

We drove to the Regina Hotel, where I secured a room. Then we drove to Ruth's school on Avenue Victor Hugo. What a wonderful drive we did have along the Champs Elysees to the Arc de Triomphe! Innumerable carriages and automobiles whizzed about in every direction.

After a comfortable night's rest, I started out and spent this morning at the Louvre, and Ruth Larner came to the hotel and lunched with me.

This afternoon we visited the fascinating shops of gay *Paree*, and then drove to the house where Victor Hugo lived. Many of the author's portraits and his own sketches are to be seen here; also his desk, pen-and-ink stand and a letter containing his autograph.

From here we drove to the cathedral of Notre Dame. The entire exterior is covered with bronze figures and is noted for its innumerable spires; the interior contains one hundred pillars, creating a very impressive appearance.

Then we drove to the Eiffel Tower, which is the highest monument in the world—just twice as high as the Wash-

ington Monument. This enormous structure is entirely of iron, giving it an appearance of a great mass of iron net-work.

Leaving the Eiffel Tower, we had a delightful drive through the Bois de Bologne, the favorite drive of the Parisians. Leaving Ruth Larner at her school, I visited the Madeleine on my way back to the hotel. This church was built in the style of a Roman temple by Napoleon II. The front has an imposing colonnade of massive Corinthian columns.

This morning I spent most pleasurable and profitably at the Louvre, looking at the many beautiful masterpieces representing almost every school. Murillo's greatest works are to be found here—the Immaculate Conception and the Holy Family. In one large room there are eighteen beautiful, big, historical paintings by Rubens; Rembrandt, noted for his many paintings of himself; Troyons' beautiful and lifelike cattle; Millet's Gleaners; Corot's wonderful light effect through the trees; Madame Le Brun's two beautiful and graceful paintings of herself and daughter. Here we see the most celebrated portrait in the world, the Mona Lisa, by Leonardo da Vinci, with her sarcastic but bewitching smile. The artist was four years in painting it, and he finished it in 1452. Guido Reni's Mary Magdalene and Greuze's Broken Pitcher are also among these great paintings. One room of the Louvre is devoted to the Florentine school. Here we see the tender and saintly style of Fra Angelico. Fra Filippo Lippi is also represented here. The Louvre possesses one authentic work of Cimabue—a Madonna sitting upright in a chair.

Bright and early this morning I started for Ruth's school, where I was delighted to find Anna, who had arrived in Paris just last evening, having landed at Cherbourg on the Kron Princessin Cecelie earlier in the day.

This was my first visit to Ruth's school, where I met Mme. Marty and was shown through the school.

GENEVA.

After a most interesting week in Paris, Anna, Ruth and I left for Geneva. Passing a comfortable night on the train, we reached Geneva at 8:30 A. M. We went to the Beau Rivage and secured rooms; then we had breakfast and took a short stroll before going to the American Episcopal Church. The Beau Rivage is beautifully situated on Lake Geneva and is a most attractive hotel. After dinner, we spent some time out on the piazza, gazing at majestic Mt. Blanc, eighty miles distant. This mountain, the highest in Europe, is fifteen thousand feet high.

This afternoon we took a most delightful drive, viewing Mt. Blanc from all points, and saw many other interesting sights. The Protestant Cathedral is built in the old quarter of the town and in this cathedral John Calvin is supposed to have preached. Near by we saw the house in which he lived in 1555. Adjoining the cathedral is the church in which John Knox preached.

Lake Geneva is the largest and most beautiful lake in Switzerland. The blue waters of the Rhone and the gray waters of the Aare flow side by side and where they even unite the waters do not seem to mingle. It makes a strange and very unusual impression.

After spending the morning in the shops and looking at the Geneva watches, we hurried back to the Beau Rivage for early *déjeuner*; then we were off on the one o'clock boat for Lausanne. The three hours' sail across Lake Geneva was delightful; the scenery was simply superb, with the great, towering peaks of the snow-covered Alps in the background and Mt. Blanc appearing and disappearing and the many chateaux and attractive Swiss towns bordering its banks.

We reached Lausanne in time for a good dinner.

This morning we took a walk through this interesting town, which is built on the side of a mountain, so that each street is higher than the other, and it has many steps leading from one street to another.

BERNE.

This morning at eleven o'clock we took train for Berne, the capital of Switzerland, and, after a two hours' ride, passing through beautiful, rich, well-cultivated country, we arrived in time for lunch. Then a delightful drive brought us to the curious and celebrated Bear Clock. When the hour to strike approaches, a rooster comes out and crows; then a procession of small bears appears and, in a merry-go-round way, they parade around the clock as many times as the hour strikes. There were many men, women and children who had gathered to see the clock strike.

Then came the Garden of Bears, where there were seven or eight bruins being fed cake and bread by a large crowd of people.

INTERLAKEN.

A two hours' ride by train from Berne brought us to Lake Thun and Interlaken in time for a late dinner at the Grand Hotel des Alps. This morning was perfectly clear and cloudless and, just opposite our bedroom windows, appeared the majestic Jung Frau in its snowy splendor. Interlaken is the most beautiful place I have ever seen. It is situated in a little, level valley, just between Lake Brienz and Lake Thun, with great, lofty mountains surrounding it. Interlaken has one principal street, on which all the leading hotels are located. There are many attractive walks and drives here.

This morning, June eighth, we left Interlaken on the early train for the famous mountain trip to Scheidegg.

After passing through the lovely Lauterbrunnen Valley, our train made an abrupt ascent and, traversing a beautiful wooded valley, skirted by a wild and turbulent stream. Across the valley we saw the beautiful Staubbach Falls, meaning *Mist*. This was the first of the many fine and wonderful waterfalls to be seen in this region. It descends from a rock, and before it reaches the ground, is converted into spray and resembles a silvery veil, and is, indeed, beautiful. Many of these dashing and lovely falls are caused by the melting snow.

Our next stop was at Wengenalp, where we had a magnificent view of the snow-covered Jung Frau, and, indeed, the peaks towered so high they hardly seemed visible. The Jung Frau rises 13,670 feet.

Our train then ascended to greater heights, and it was not until we were on the very top of another mountain that our train stopped at Scheidegg. The view was magnificent and surely it required a safe and steady head to stand these dizzy heights. At Scheidegg we had lunch and took some kodak pictures in the deep snow. I was glad when our train began to descend on the other side of the mountain into the beautiful Grindewald Valley. We passed through walls of snow towering above the car. There were many deep, rocky gorges and some glaciers to be seen. Then we crossed beautiful, fertile fields until we reached Interlaken again, thus ending one of the most wonderful mountain trips in the world.

June ninth we left Interlaken by the early boat, crossing Lake Brienz to Brienz. The sail was smooth and enjoyable. The lake is surrounded by lofty rocks and has snow-covered mountains for a background. A beautiful road skirts its banks. Numerous streams are seen rising on the heights and form beautiful cascades. There are many typical and picturesque Swiss cottages to be seen on the surrounding hills. We saw the famous and mar-

velous Giesbach Falls, a strong, dashing stream rising from the side of a steep mountain and forming a series of wonderful cascades until it rushes dashingly into the lake.

At Brienz we took train for Lucerne and at Meiringen began the steep ascent across the Brunig Pass. This was also a wonderful mountain trip, and the view was one of grandeur and great beauty.

After an absence of two weeks, how relieved and thankful I was to get back to the children at Lucerne! We all strolled up to the gardens to see the Lion of Lucerne and then Anna and Ruth started for their train and left for Zurich on their way to Oberammergau, planning to meet again at Heidelberg.

HEIDELBERG.

This morning we were called at five o'clock, and at seven o'clock were on the train for Heidelberg, where we arrived at one o'clock. A beautiful mountain drive brought us to the picturesque and attractive Schloss Hotel. It was a bright, beautiful moonlight night, and how lovely everything looked! Our hotel is located so high that we have a magnificent view of this lovely valley. It seems as if I never shall forget the grandeur of the Switzerland scenery, and now how beautiful Germany is! Indeed, words fail to describe the beauties surrounding this quaint and interesting town of Heidelberg. It is encircled by fine forests filled with most attractive and delightful walks and drives. The air is most exhilarating. Just near our hotel stand the solemn and stately ruins of the splendid old castle of Heidelberg.

All day it poured in torrents; so we have spent the day indoors.

This morning the children and I walked over to the castle. Its vastness is marvellous. These ruins are the oldest and largest of any castle ever built. Here I pur-

chased a musical Heidelberg Stein for father; also some toys for the children which were ingeniously wrought and very novel. We were interested in watching the students clad in caps and gowns of many different colors. Anna and Ruth arrived from Münich and, after spending the



ANNA, RUTH LARNER AND WILLIAM BRADLEY
ON THE RHINE

night at our hotel, left for Frankfort. They will join the children and me at Weisbaden.

Today at three o'clock we were off for Weisbaden, and a short and comfortable two hours' ride brought us to our destination. A porter carried our bags, and a short walk

of three squares and we were at the Rhein Hotel, where I was so glad to find Anna and Ruth had already arrived and secured rooms for us. After dinner, we visited the shops, and then we had our first taste of German beer, which we did not enjoy as much as we had anticipated. Leaving Weisbaden at 8:30 A. M. and taking the trolley for a short ride to Biebrich, we boarded the steamer for our trip down the Rhine to Cologne. The towns built on the banks of the Rhine are numerous and we enjoyed viewing them from our steamer. The hillsides are completely covered with vineyards, from which many famous Rhine wines are made. We passed many a historic castle. Just opposite the rocks of the Lorelei are the Rheinfels, the most imposing ruins on the Rhine. The many pretty legends and stories about the castles are very interesting. Much of the time there were ruins on both sides of the river, keeping us busy darting back and forth from side to side of the boat.

Our first stop was at the attractive town of Coblenz, where we saw a fine, big monument of Kaiser Wilhelm II. At Boone, our only other stop, there is an unusually picturesque bridge with piers representing castles.

We reached Cologne at five o'clock after a full day of much pleasure and interest. Our accommodations for the night were the poorest of any we have had since we have been in Europe.

COLOGNE.

This morning we first visited the Museum, where we saw the beautiful and familiar portrait of Queen Louise descending the stairs. Then we went to the church of St. Ursula and visited the Golden Chapel containing on its walls the bones of many hundreds of virgins that had been massacred. Then we made our second visit to the celebrated Cologne cathedral, which was built in 1248. Its numerous spires are the tallest in the world.

Cologne is a dingy, dirty city and even its beautiful Cathedral looks black and grimy.

After an early lunch, we took train for Amsterdam and were fortunate in securing rooms at the attractive Amstel Hotel.

AMSTERDAM.

This morning we took a long car ride. This afternoon we all visited the zoological gardens, where they have a particularly fine collection of birds—especially parrots. When we saw the parrots, the children asked, "Polly, sprechen sie English or Deutsch?" And we all thought we heard Polly reply, "Deutsch."

While we were walking in the gardens, we had quite an exciting experience. Little William was with his Aunt Anna and Ruth, when, suddenly spying me, he left them and ran to meet me. They did not know he had seen me, and, on missing him, thought the little fellow was lost, and for a while were much alarmed.

How we did enjoy seeing the many fine paintings by the old Dutch masters in the Ryck Museum! The most celebrated painting in the Art Gallery was Rembrandt's Night Watch, which hangs alone in a large room and is a most impressive painting. The intense and eager expression on all the faces is marvellously portrayed. We saw The Jester, by Franz Hals, in an adjoining room.

Never have I been as far north as this. The sun did not set until half past eight this evening, and at two o'clock in the morning it will be light.

This morning we visited another Art Gallery and enjoyed its many beautiful, fine paintings: Paul Potter's famous Bull; Rembrandt's School of Anatomy, and his Saul and David, showing Saul moved to tears by the music of the harp on which David is playing.

THE HAGUE.

The Hague is the cleanest and most attractive of all

the cities in Holland. We stayed at the *Vieux Dollen*, delightfully located and serving a most excellent table.

This morning we first visited the Dutch Reform Cathedral, where the king and queen of Holland attend services. We sat in the royal pew. Queen Wilhelmina and the Prince Consort were married in this church in 1901. Then we walked to the royal palace and were shown through the state rooms. The palace is small and the furnishings very plain and substantial, red being the prevalent color.

One of the delightful drives from The Hague is out to the Little Palace in the Woods, which is beautifully and elegantly furnished. The Chinese and Japanese rooms were particularly effective in their rich and costly decorations. In the Chinese room, the chandelier was made entirely of cups and saucers inverted.

DELFT.

After lunch, we made the excursion to Delft by train. We visited the Dutch Reform Cathedral, where the royal family of Holland is buried. Leaving the cathedral, we went to the shops and purchased a few pieces of genuine Delft china.

SCHIVENINGEN.

One of the most delightful and enjoyable trips from The Hague is the short, beautiful trolley ride out to Schiveningen, the popular seaside resort of Holland. Its beach is large and safe, and is completely covered with big, curious-looking basket chairs.

ANTWERP.

This morning we left The Hague for Antwerp. After lunch we visited the Art Gallery, which is small but beautiful and contains many rich and exquisite paintings. We saw many celebrated pictures of Verboeckhoven's fine cattle, Breton's peasant women; also Bougereau's Beggar Girl. We then visited the ancient house, now called the

Plantin Museum. It is filled with curiosities and many manuscripts. Here we saw the first printing-press used in Belgium. Next we visited the Cathedral, which contains Rubens' masterpiece, the Descent from the Cross. The cathedral tower has one hundred bell chimes and every fifteen minutes they are heard. Their music is particularly sweet. We saw the house where Rubens was born and lived. We went to the church of St. Jaques, where Rubens' tomb is.

This morning we had a most interesting drive along the docks. These show what an important seaport Antwerp is; for there was a perfect mass of masts, and simply no end to crafts of all sizes and shapes. We were much interested in seeing the dry docks.

This afternoon we left Antwerp for Brussels, and a short ride of thirty minutes brought us there.

BRUSSELS.

Good accommodations in Brussels were very difficult to secure on account of the Brussels Exposition; so we went to several places before finally deciding on a small hotel delightfully located on the broad and beautiful Boulevard de Waterloo. After getting settled, we started at once for the post-office, where we received many good letters from home.

We spent this morning at the Hotel de Ville, or Town-hall, which is quite a remarkable specimen of architecture. It has a beautiful, high tower that is not placed in the center of the large building, and both wings are entirely different. Then we visited some of the lace shops, where I purchased a large lace scarf and some pieces of lace. We watched the women lace-weavers for some time, then went to the picture gallery, which is a fine, big building. There are many of Rubens' groups here.

After lunch, we went to the weird Wiertz Gallery and saw paintings by this artist. Surely the subjects are the

most displeasing I have ever seen.

This afternoon we took a car and had a beautiful ride out to the Exposition grounds.

All this week it has been pouring in torrents; we have had little sunshine, but have not allowed the rain to interfere with our sight-seeing.

This afternoon we walked down to the magnificent Palais de Justice, or Courthouse. It is said to be the largest and most beautiful building in Europe, and surely it is very impressive with its great porticos and massive columns.

This afternoon, Anna and Ruth made the interesting trip to the battlefield of Waterloo, where Napoleon met his great defeat and where the British, with the Duke of Wellington as their leader, were so victorious.

This evening we started out in search of a most curions fountain called The Manniken Fountain, and we were not surprised to find it in rather a secluded spot.

This morning we all had an early breakfast at Brussels and then were off on the early train for Ostend. Here we boarded the steamer to cross the English Channel to Dover. We were three hours in crossing, and the sea was rough and rolling. It seemed as if our boat were performing many unnecessary stunts. The children and I sat very still in our steamer chairs; for we felt very uncomfortable and barely escaped *mal de mer*.

From Dover we had a few hours' ride on the train to London.

ENGLAND

On arriving in London, we drove to two hotels before finally securing good rooms at St. Ermin's Hotel. We were, indeed, fortunate; for it was well located, near St. James' Park, Buckingham Palace and Westminster Abbey. We found the hotel crowded with American tourists, and I also met the party with whom I traveled through Egypt. It seems strange that, in all our travels, we had not met before.

Today we visited St. Paul's Cathedral, and it was most interesting. The interior is imposing and has much beauty in its vast proportions. It contains many monuments of celebrated people. The architect of the church was Sir Christopher Wren. The crypt extends under the entire church. In one part is the Painters' Corner, named from the many celebrated artists that are buried here, among them being Benjamin West and Joshua Reynolds. A large and imposing sarcophagus of the Duke of Wellington stands here.

This morning we first went to the American Express Company, where I was indeed glad to find two letters from Harry. Then we walked to the Washington Star office and registered, and Anna presented a letter from Mr. Theodore Noyes, and they were very courteous to us and gave us much desired information. We noticed the names of many of our friends on the register. We then got into a taxicab and went to London Tower. It was once used as a state prison, and many celebrated people were imprisoned and beheaded here: Anne Bolyn

and Lady Jane Grey among them. Here we saw the elegant ermine coronation robes of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. Then we took another taxicab and went across the Tower Bridge, and back across the always crowded London Bridge, and, as we crossed, we obtained a wonderful view of the shipping port of London, filled with innumerable seacraft.

What a delightful morning Anna, Ruth and I have had in the London shops!

We spent a strenuous and very interesting afternoon in the National Gallery. To me the choicest and most beautiful paintings of all we have seen in Europe were those by the British artists: Sir Joshua Reynolds—his world-famed portraits—the Infant Samuel and the Angel Head; Gainesborough's portrait of Mrs. Siddons, and Landseer's animals—Dignity and Impudence, and Shoeing the Horse; Turner's Marine Disasters, and Delaroche's The Execution of Lady Jane Grey; Rosa Bonheur's The Horse Fair. The Poets' Corner contains fine portraits of George Eliot, Charlotte Bronté, Jane Austen, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Tennyson, Dickens, and many others. We saw many fine portraits of Queen Victoria, and a very good one of Albert, the Prince Consort.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Within whose sacred walls the memory of so many illustrious men is perpetuated is one series of tombs, monuments and tablets, and is considered the greatest honor the nation can bestow on the most deserving of her offspring." The vastness and gloom of it is felt at once upon entering. We walked through the Royal Chapels containing the tombs of royalty. King George and his wife were the last buried here, in 1700. A large tomb of bronze, where Queen Elizabeth is buried, and a monument to Oliver Cromwell attract many visitors. We saw the Coronation Chair, used by every

English king from William the Conqueror to the present time. In the Poets' Corner we saw monuments to Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, Oliver Goldsmith, Charles Dickens, Addison, Macaulay, Longfellow, Tennyson, Milton, Ben Jonson, Spencer, Dryden, and many others, Longfellow being the only American honored with a place in this corner.

Tonight we went to Drury Lane Theatre and saw a very good play.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

This morning, following a great crowd of sight-seers and with great solemnity, we walked through the Houses of Parliament, which were built in 1840. The interior is in keeping with the exterior and is magnificent and imposing. We first entered the king's robing room, a large and beautiful chamber; then, proceeding through the Victoria gallery, we came to the House of Lords, where the king opens parliament. It is a richly decorated room filled with red leather seats or benches occupied by its five hundred members. From here we passed to the House of Commons, a substantial, handsomely decorated room, the paneling of which was all in dark wood. In the halls there are many fine statues of celebrated statesmen. A fine one of Gladstone is here.

Then we went out through Westminster Hall, full of many historical associations and where Charles I was condemned to die.

Today we made the delightful excursion out to Hampton Court. It is the largest royal palace in England and was built in 1515. This palace is indeed vast and contains many courts. The gardens are very extensive and are filled with beautiful walks, flowers, and splendid stately old trees.

On our way back to the station we purchased some delicious strawberries and, while waiting for the train, en-

joyed them very much.

This morning we spent in front of Buckingham Palace, much interested in watching the gaily dressed Royal Guards.

This afternoon we visited Kensington Palace, which is a low, unpretentious brick building, and is beautifully located in an extensive and attractive garden. Queen Victoria was born here and lived here many years; also the present Queen Mary was born here, and all of the Teck family. We saw the piano used by Queen Victoria; her nursery and some of her toys; also the room in which she was baptized. Queen Victoria was living here when she received the news of her becoming queen. There are many portraits of kings and queens to be seen here.

In front of Kensington Palace is a beautiful statue of Queen Victoria, done by her daughter, Princess Louise.

We strolled through these beautiful grounds to the Albert Memorial, a magnificent monument with a profusion of gilding and mosaics, bearing the inscription: "Queen Victoria and her people to the Memory of Albert, Prince Consort, as a tribute of their gratitude for a life devoted to the public good."

This morning we hurried to get through breakfast, so as to be over at the Mall in time to see King George V. return from his morning horseback ride. We walked through St. James Park and had been there only a few minutes when we saw the royal party approaching. The king and several guards were riding from Buckingham Palace on their way to Marlborough House. As they passed us, little William Bradley took off his hat; then the king took off his hat and bowed very graciously. The king wore no uniform, but was clad in a black suit and derby and white gauntlets, and rode a beautiful black horse. He rides from 8:30 to 9:30 every morning.

Today we went to the Wallace Art Gallery which is filled with many magnificent paintings. This house is said to be Gaunt House in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.

Today we made the trip out to Horsmonden. It is a two hours' ride by train from London, changing cars at Tonbridge and Paddock Wood. Horsmonden is a typical English village, and the surrounding country is just as we would have pictured rural England to be. A two miles' drive brought us to Horsmonden church. This is a splendid old stone structure and was built in 1100. It is in a fine state of preservation. We saw a beautiful bronze tablet erected to the memory of Major Simon Willard, and placed there by Frances E. Willard, one of his descendants. Harry is descended directly from Major Willard, who was the first Willard to settle in America in 1634. When I told little William Bradley and Sarah their father's ancestors came from here, little William Bradley said: "Where are they now? I want to see them."

This morning we went for a stroll and soon found ourselves in front of St. James Palace, where we stood and watched the Royal Guards maneuvering.

Today we left London after a stay of almost three weeks. We were seated in our compartment, ready to leave for Windsor, when two of our Brattleboro friends stepped in. We spent the day pleasantly together.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Windsor is only a half hour's ride from London, and the castle is beautifully located, overlooking the Thames and its fine fertile valley. The castle is very large and richly furnished.

ETON COLLEGE.

After lunch we took a short drive to Eton College which was founded in 1440. We were shown through the class-rooms where they still use the same long wooden

benches and desks of former times ; in these the rudely cut names were most conspicuous. The speaking hall was intensely interesting. Here there is a high oak paneling all around the long, narrow room, which contains column after column of the names of the graduates. Those desiring their names carved here must pay for it. We read the names of Shelley and William E. Gladstone, who attended school here and later went to Oxford. We were fortunate enough to witness the roll-call in the courtyard. One thousand students, as the head master called their names, assembled in different groups or classes. As his name was called, each student replied by taking off his high silk hat and saying, "Here, sir." Their suits were rather strange: the older boys wearing the long Prince Albert coat and high hat; the younger boys, the short Eton jacket and high hat.

OXFORD.

From Windsor, we had a two hours' ride to Oxford, one of the most ancient and celebrated universities in Europe. It was founded in 1100. It includes twenty-two colleges. The English Chancellor is the head of the University. Christ Church College is one of the finest among these, and from it King Edward VII. graduated. New College is also very beautiful. Attractive courts open into one another, and each college has its own beautiful chapel; the gardens, in their quadrangled-shaped lawns, are the most perfectly kept of any I have ever seen. Each college has its own crest: one bears the inscription, "Manners Makyth Man." There are four thousand students at Oxford. One of the buildings still used by the students was erected in 1280. It stands in a fine grove of venerable trees. Thomas Pope and his wife were the founders of this college. A curious effect greets the visitor's eye as you stroll down Lime Walk, where Gothic architecture is represented in trees. In New Chap-

el is a window by Sir Joshua Reynolds: the tones are all in soft brown and yellow. This window was placed here in 1777 and is now considered the finest in the world. We also visited the hall where all the degrees are conferred: this is where Mark Twain obtained his diploma.

This visit to all the University Buildings of England was one of the great treats of my trip.

We have surely enjoyed our sojourn among these real English-speaking people; yet, strange to say, their language was almost as difficult for me to understand as if they were speaking French or German.

LEAMINGTON.

Today is little Sarah's fourth birthday, and this morning William and I had lots of toys and books ready to give her a big surprise.

Leamington is a delightful, prosperous town, with beautiful gardens and splendid, broad streets. This morning we spent in the garden enjoying the music of the band. The lawns are perfectly kept, and there are no restrictions preventing either old or young from enjoying them.

This afternoon we watched the finals of a tennis tournament.

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

This morning we drove out to Kenilworth, a distance of five miles. There is little left of the castle, but the ruins of its walls, and they look as if they would tumble down any moment. In 1563, this castle was the royal residence, and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, welcomed Queen Elizabeth here in 1575. Amy Robsart was murdered by her husband, the Earl of Leicester, in this castle, as he desired to marry Queen Elizabeth. Oliver Cromwell and his men completely demolished this fine and stately old palace, scattering its costly contents everywhere. The holes in the walls are now visible where the bullets penetrated. No other castle has had such stormy

scenes enacted within it, and been connected with so much of English history. Passing through the courtly luxury of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when there was so much brilliant entertaining done here. Sir Walter Scott has immortalized Kenilworth Castle as the scene of his novel.

STRATFORD ON AVON.

This morning we took train to Stratford on Avon, to visit the birthplace of England's greatest son. We first walked to the church containing the tomb of Shakespeare and that of his wife, Anne Hathaway; also their daughter, Mistress Hall, and her husband. The font from which Shakespeare was baptized is seen in this church. We walked through the streets of this clean and well-built little country town to the house in which Shakespeare was born in 1564. The house is now national property and is kept in scrupulously good order. The white-washed ceilings are covered with visitors' names written in pencil, a custom long ago prohibited. Scratched on the small diagonal-shaped window panes are the names of Walter Scott, Thomas Carlyle and Thackeray. A most interesting collection of the poet's portraits and the early editions of his great works are shown; also the large wooden desk used by Shakespeare at the grammar school at Stratford, and his large gold seal ring. The beautiful garden back of the house is a part of the original land, and is filled with such flowers as are mentioned in Shakespeare's plays.

WARWICK CASTLE.

Today we took the trolley and rode out through the beautiful streets of Leamington. Just on the outskirts of the town, we came to the entrance of the ancient and stately home of the Earl of Warwick. The grounds are particularly attractive with their velvety turf and stately trees. The castle remains intact, and the royal family often comes here. The interior of the castle contains

many fine paintings, a large collection of armor and many interesting curios. A particularly fine painting of Mrs. Siddons is seen here, and the armor worn by Oliver Cromwell and the Duke of Wellington. Queen Elizabeth was entertained at this castle. In the conservatory is seen the famous Warwick Vase, found in Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli, near Rome.

Today, very reluctantly, we left Leamington, after our delightful stay here of just one week.

CHESTER.

This afternoon, we had a three hours' ride on the train to Chester. We found all the hotels crowded when we reached there, on account of the great pageant that was being given. However, we secured rooms at a very good hotel which, like the town, is very old. One of the curious things about Chester is the Roman wall that still stands and encircles the town, covering a distance of two miles. I enjoyed immensely my walk on this wall and, in many places, obtained a fine view of Chester and its surrounding country. There are many towers on the wall still remaining, and the most interesting is the Charles I. Tower, from which he witnessed the defeat of his soldiers. The arcades are a unique feature of this ancient town, stores occupying the place of the front room.

Chester is said to be the Nuremberg of England. Its fine specimens of old timber-built houses are most interesting.

LIVERPOOL.

This afternoon, a short, comfortable ride on the train brought us to Liverpool, and we secured fine accommodations at the Adelphi Hotel.

Early this morning, we set out for our first glimpse of Liverpool; mounting to the upper deck of a great bus, we took a ride about the city. The bus was enclosed in glass and did not seem as dangerous as the London bus. The

usual weather prevailed—rain, wind and fog.

This afternoon we boarded the Cymric for our homeward journey, and are all greatly excited over sailing. After eight days on the Cymric, with a rough and cold voyage, but all escaping *mal de mer*, we reached Boston at noon, August fourth. Harry and Henry Augustus were waiting to meet us, and how overjoyed we were to see each other and be home again after our long and wonderful trip! Before starting to the hotel, it took me some time to get through the Custom House. I had declared all my articles, and was most fortunate in getting through without paying any duty.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 020 676 585 9